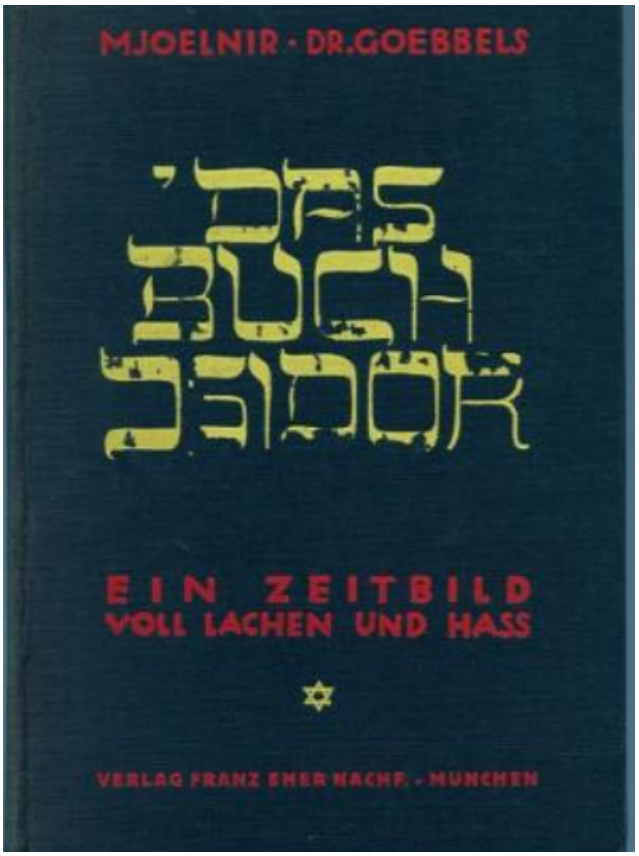
The Book of Isidor:
A Portrait of An Era Full of Laughter and Hatred



by Dr. Joseph Goebbels, featuring drawings by Mjolnir and with cartoons from "Der Angriff"

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Contents

I. Motto

II. Isidor - An Introduction

III. This is Berlin - Thirty Caricatures from the Capital of the Reich

1. The New Gessler hat
2. Republican Guard Parade
3. Salomon Bergmann
4. The Most Important Consultations
5. The Inner Discord in the “Reichsbanner”
6. Daily Morning Training
7. “Weiß” Guards
8. His Standard
9. That's How it is With Prohibitions
10. A Capable Gardener
11. To Whom God Gives Office
12. His Sweetest Dream
13. From Our Inventors' Folder
14. Breeder's Pride
15. These Egoists
16. Nothing but Trouble
17. The New Nero
18. The Hunt is On
19. Always This Nonsense!
20. We Believe You!
21. Abolish the Death Penalty?
22. Of Course, the Animal Has to Provoke Him Again
23. An Anxious Question
24. To the Familiar Hospital
25. When the Donkey Gets Too Comfortable
26. If HE Were to Ruin Christmas
27. Brother, Who Are You Persecuting?
28. An Excellent Sower
29. Germany, Awake!
30. Ash Wednesday Will Come for Him Too!

IV There You Have It - Thirty Prominent Figures of This Republic

1. Hugo Preuß
2. Charles Dawes
3. Parker Gilbert

4. Walter Rathenau
5. Hjalmar Schacht
6. Jacob Goldschmidt
7. Max Moritz Warburg
8. Gustav Stresemann
9. Käthe Kleefeld
10. Matthias Erzberger
11. Wilhelm Marx
12. Joseph Wirth
13. Otto Hörsing
14. Berthold Deimling
15. Philipp Scheidemann
16. Paul Löbe
17. Gustav Bauer
18. Otto Meißner
19. Cuno Westarp
20. Oskar Hergt
21. Artur Mahraun
22. C.H. Becker
23. Georg Bernhard
24. Maximilian Harden
25. Fritz Stucke
26. Bernhard Weiß
27. Magnus Heimannsberg
28. Karl Zörgiebel
29. Albert Grzesinski
30. Otto Braun

V. Defiance and Faith - Thirty Sermons in the Desert

1. Why Attack?
2. Trials
3. Silly Season
4. Is This a State?
5. Democracy
6. Pacifism
7. Internationale
8. Flags Over the City
9. The Holy Cloth
10. We Will Not Surrender!
11. Metterniche
12. Answer, Comrade!
13. Beware, Rubber Truncheons!
14. Amnesty

15. In the Reichstag
16. Justav
17. Hindenburg
18. Black, White, and Red Moneybags
19. People, Be Human!
20. Around the Memorial Church
21. We Remember the Dead!
22. Murderers of Workers
23. Hail Moscow!
24. The Christ Child at Tietz, A.-G.
25. Christmas Message
26. Into the New Year
27. Proclamation
28. We Demand!
29. To All Working People!
30. What We Want

Motto

Isidor: he is not an individual, nor a person in the legal sense.
Isidor is a type, a spirit, a face, or rather, a visage.
Isidor is the face of that so-called democracy, disfigured by cowardice and hypocrisy, which seized empty thrones on November 9th, 1918, and today wields the rubber truncheon of the freest republic over our heads.
The name Isidor means “gift of the East” in German - no name characterizes today's Germany as aptly as this one.
That is why we have called this book Isidor: it is a mirror of the times for our contemporaries; unmistakably and relentlessly, it shows everyone their true image, just as they deserve.

Isidor - An Introduction

My name is Hase[1] - I live in the forest, and I know nothing.

I stay out of everything; I am, so to speak, politically neutral. If it benefits me, then I take a stand, preferably on the side of facts - because facts are usually golden. I believe that the far right and the far left should be banned - because the middle is, in itself, banned. As I said, that's my opinion; I am, therefore, a realist - it's comfortable, involves little risk, and, above all, it feeds me well.

But suppose I no longer lived in the forest, but in China; some stroke of luck or misfortune would have brought me there, let's assume that; that would be terribly embarrassing, because, as we all know, everyone in China is Chinese - even the emperor is Chinese! I would stand out like a sore thumb because my name is Hase and I look like a German; people would recognize me immediately, even the children would stop in the street and shout, “It's Hase!”
But I would know what to do - I would grow a long braid, change my German appearance, renounce my venerable name of Hase and call myself “Wukiutschu” - that's what I would call myself. And if anyone called me “Hase!”, then I would be very angry.

Suppose I lived in Shanghai and my father still lived in the forest. I wouldn't tell anyone about the forest - on the contrary! I would pretend that we had lived in Shanghai since time immemorial, and I would consider it an insult if anyone questioned this backstory. And hypothetically, suppose by chance the police chief in Shanghai died, or that he poisoned himself mortally by eating a golden toothpick that had been given to him as a gift; then, hypothetically, suppose all the Chinese cried out, “Wukiutschu shall be our leader!” I would then be the police chief of Shanghai and would not know how. Being police chief is a wonderful thing: you have power in your hands and can do with it as you please - that is, if the others put up with it. But they have to, don't they? If they're stupid enough to say, “Wukiutschu shall be our leader!”, then they'll just have to be satisfied with me. And if anyone isn't satisfied, I'll help them along, because there are always dissatisfied people, as we all know. I will therefore give the decree:

"It is forbidden to be dissatisfied!”

- Wukiutschu

And then I will campaign to govern. I know it's not as easy as it sounds; people will come and say:

”What does Wukiutschu want? He's not one of us! Wukiutschu's real name is Hase, and he used to live in the forest; he's just pushed his way in here. We've been living on Chinese soil for a thousand years or more; our fathers cultivated this land and, when necessary, have defended its soil with their lives. Back then, Wukiutschu still lived in the forest, and now he acts as if he's always been one of us! Down with him from the throne! China for the Chinese!"

[1] The name used is significant because “Hase” is not only the German word for “rabbit”, but was also an artificial surname used by Jews in Europe, specifically in Germany.

That would be terribly embarrassing for me, of course - if someone cut off my braid, every child would see that these people are right - but that's not possible, for I am the chief of police, after all, and as such I am entitled to respect. Therefore, I give the decree:

"Whoever calls me 'Hase!' again is inciting class warfare; I forbid it, and whoever breaks my law will be locked up!"

- Wukiutschu -

And then I'll have peace; I'll shine in the dignity of my office, make the Chinese coolies stand at attention in front of me, receive great gifts, and attend every banquet; my pigtail will grow longer and longer, and soon no one will remember that I was once called Hase; those discontent with me will die out, and then discontent in general will become mere history - only then will life begin in beauty and dignity.
I am a pioneer in this art; you have to know nothing, like me, to be able to believe in it firmly and unshakably.

But as I said, this is all just hypothetical.
The Chinese would be pretty stupid if they believed that my name is Wukiutschu and made me their police chief; no, there aren't people that stupid. It's all just a fairy tale.
I'm not Chinese and I don't live in Shanghai. My name isn't Wukiutschu, it's Hase.
I live in the forest and know nothing.

This is Berlin - Thirty Caricatures from the Capital of the Reich

The New Gessler Hat[2]

Pictured: November democracy

[2] The "Gessler hat" is a reference to the folkloric figure of Albrecht Gessler, a tyrannical Habsburg bailiff who, in the 14th century, was responsible for the William Tell rebellion and the independence of the Old Swiss Confederacy due to his tyrannical actions; one such action was to place his hat on a pole in the market square and demanded that people bow before it.

2. Republikanische Wachtparade
Aus den Kreisen der Geschäftswelt der „City" ist angeregt worden, die Wachtparade der Reichswehr wieder die „Linden" entlang ziehen zu lassen. Man verspricht sich davon eine Hebung des Geschäftes und des Fremdenverkehrs. Augenblicklich wird mit General Heye verhandelt.
IST'S DIE NASE, GEH' ZU „BERNHARD"
JEDER EINMAL AUF IA
Tretet hinein in Schwarz Rot ---Gold!
NUR Infantilitas KINDER-PUDER!
Tragt Lemberg-Seide
LEST DIE REPUBLIKOMISCHE PRESSE!
THE ORIGINAL HÖRSING BAND
Wie wir hören, hat das „Reichs"banner den Plan sofort aufgegriffen und gegen entsprechende Provision in die Tat umgesetzt. Die Lösung ist zu begrüßen, da damit der Angelegenheit der militärische Charakter durchaus genommen ist.

Republican Guard Parade

Text, top: "There have been suggestions from business circles in the city that the Reichswehr guard parade should once again march along the Linden; it is hoped that this will boost business and tourism. Fierce negotiations are currently underway with General Heye[3]."

Text, middle: The Original Hörsing[4] Band, "If it's your nose, go to Bernhard", "Everyone on IA", "March with the black, red, and gold!", "Only 'infantilitas' baby powder!", "Read the republican press!", "Wear Lemberg silk"[5]

Text, bottom: "We hear that the 'Reichs'banner immediately took up the plan and put it into action in return for a commission; the solution is to be welcomed, as it completely removes the military character from the matter."

[3] Wilhelm Heye was Chief of the Army Command of the Reichswehr.
[4] In reference to Otto Hösing, a German Social Democratic politician and chairman of the "Reichsbanner Schwarz-Rot-Gold", which represented those who stood with parliamentary democracy against the far left and right.
[5] Lemberg, now called Lviv in Ukraine, was a Zionist stronghold at the time.

3. Salomon Bergmann
MORGENPEST
NIEDER MIT WILHELM
LOMBARD-
HAUS
SALOMON
BERGMANN
Und wenn ihm noch hundert Salomons das Geld aus der Tasche zögen, er würde nicht klüger, denn er ist — ein Bürger!

Salomon Bergmann

Text, newspaper: Down with Wilhelm

Text, on chest: Salomon Bergmann pawnshop

Text, below: “And even if a hundred Salomons took the money out of his pocket, he would not be any wiser - for he is a citizen!”

4. Die wichtigsten Beratungen
In Berlin fand eine ergebnislos verlaufene Konferenz der Staatsminister statt, die sich mit Beratungen über Fragen der Reichs- u. Länderverwaltung die Zeit vertrieb.
Arbeit!
Brot!!
UNITARISMUS?
FÖDERALISMUS!
UNITARISMUS!
FÖDERALISMUS!
UNITARISMUS?
„Mein Gott, stören Sie uns doch nicht in den wichtigsten Beratungen!"

The Most Important Consultations

Text, top left: "A conference of ministers of state was held in Berlin, which ended without result, spending its time discussing issues relating to the administration of the Reich and the federal states."

Text, middle: "Work! Bread!"
"Unitarianism? Unitarianism! Federalism! Unitarianism? Federalism?"

Text, bottom right: "My God, don't disturb us during our most important discussions!"

The Inner Discord in the “Reichsbanner”

Text, bottom: “Märxchen: ‘I need to go to the bathroom, teacher!’

Daily Morning Training[6]

Text, middle: Constitution

Text, bottom: "…of a famous political boxer."

[6] This is the first of many caricatures of Isidor Weiss.

"Weiß" Guards

Text, bottom: "(Freely adapted from Schilling.)"
"Did that man get hit by a car?" – "No, by the Berlin police!"

His Standard

Text, top: The Red Front Fighters' League

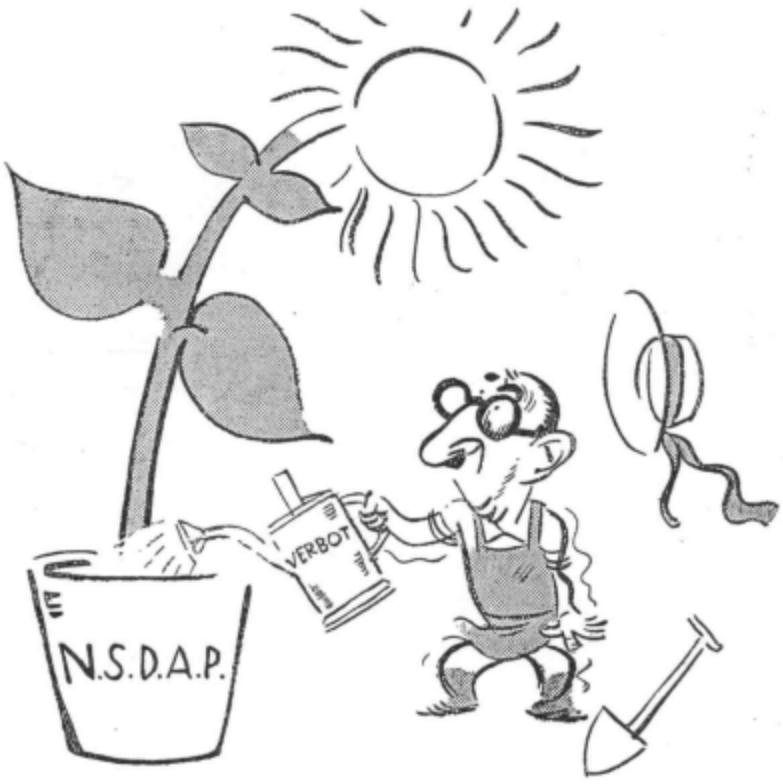
Text, bottom: “Ban them? Why? Did they touch a Jew?”

That's How It Is With Prohibitions

Text, top: “When you think you've finally got it –

Text, bottom: - it springs out of the box!”

10. Ein tüchtiger Gärtner



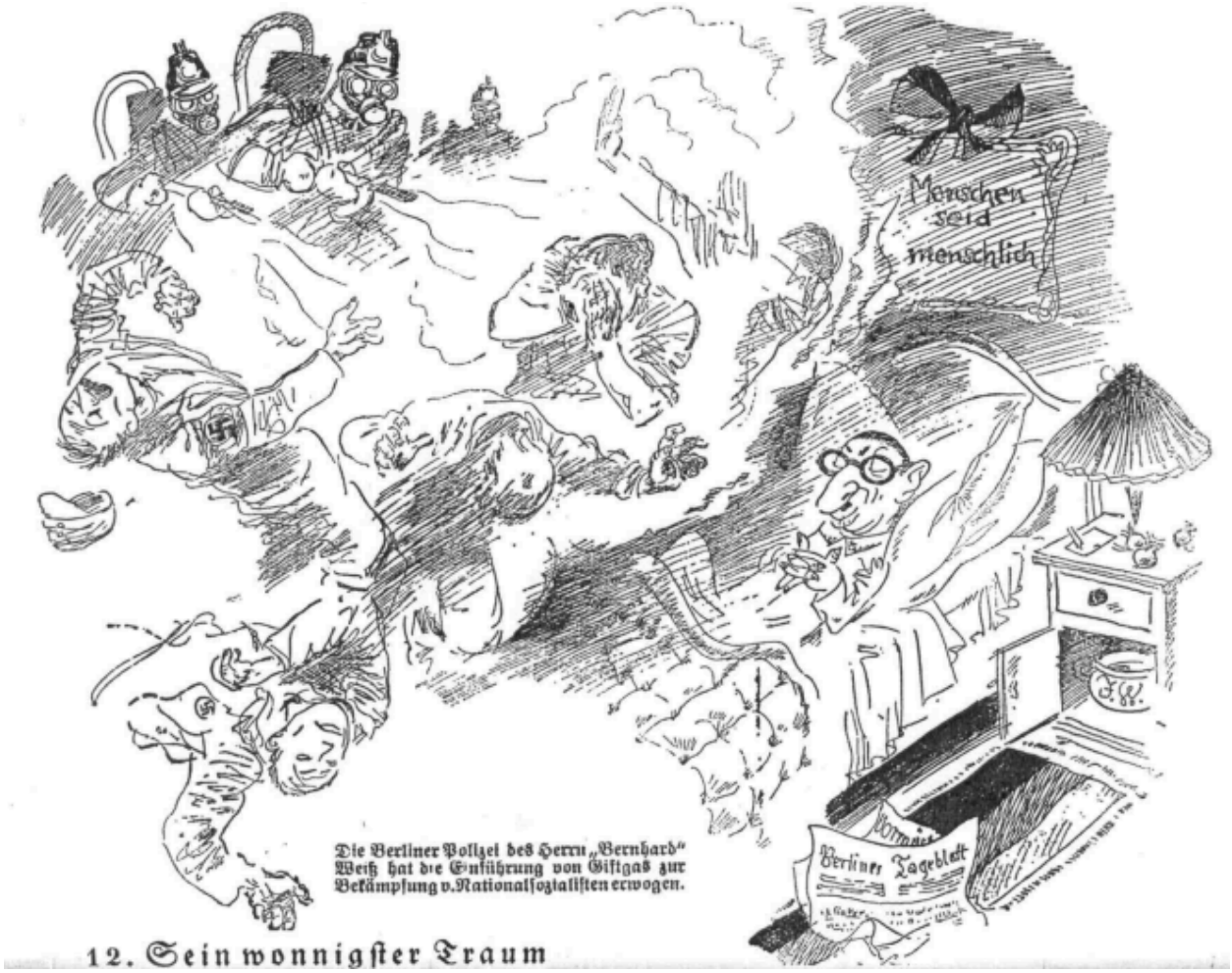
A Capable Gardener

11. Wem Gott ein Amt gibt——
Zur Massenverhaftung der 500 vom Nürnberger Parteitag heimkehrenden Nationalsozialisten.
TELTOW

To Whom God Gives Office

Text, top: "On the mass arrest of 500 National Socialists returning home from the Nuremberg Party Congress."

Text, middle: Nuremberg funnel


Menschen seid menschlich
Die Berliner Polizei des Herrn „Bernhard" Weiß hat die Einführung von Giftgas zur Bekämpfung v. Nationalsozialisten erwogen.
Berliner Tageblatt
12. Sein wonnigster Traum

His Sweetest Dream

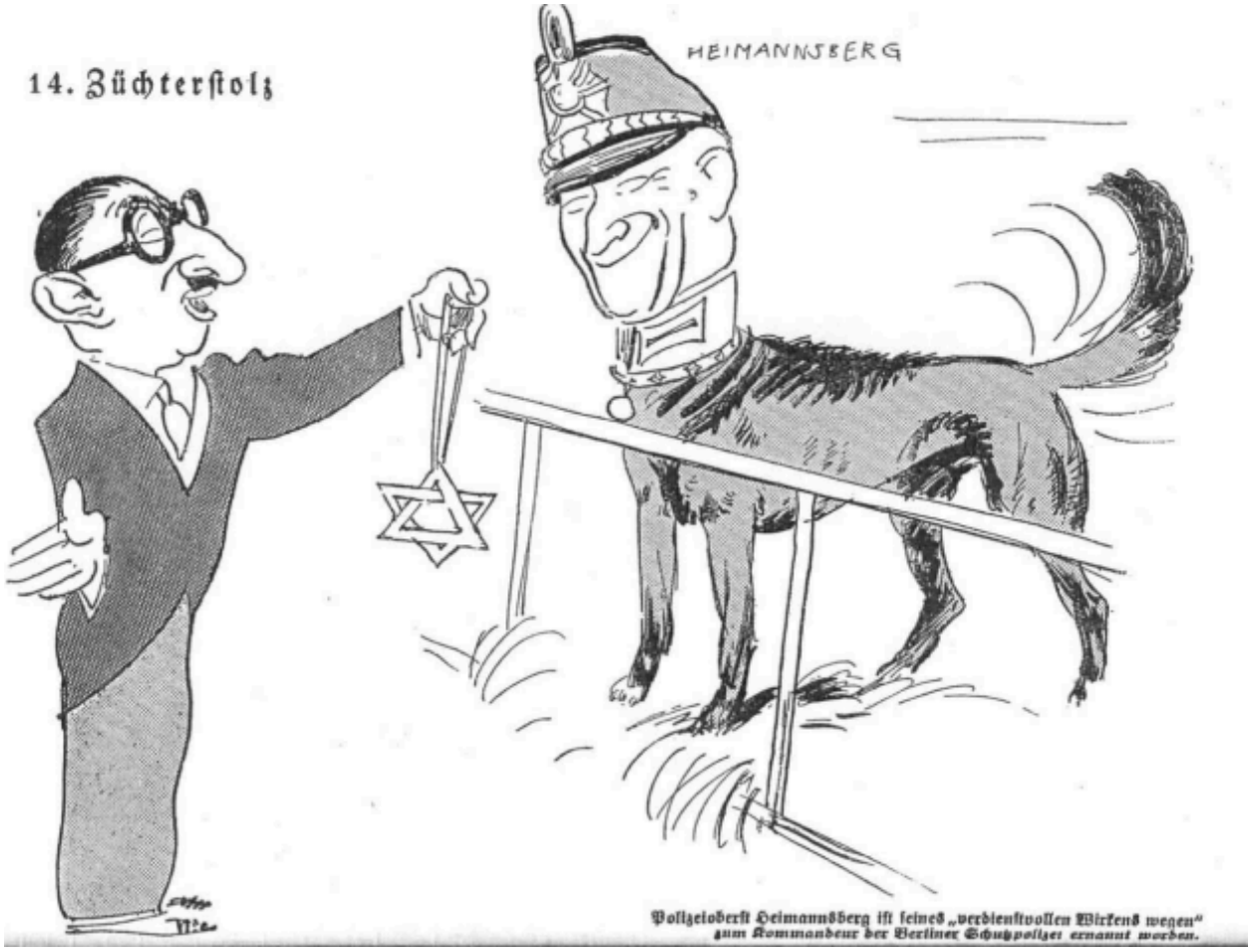
Text, middle: People, be human

Text, bottom: "The Berlin police force led by Herry 'Bernhard' Weiß considered introducing poison gas to combat the National Socialists."

13. Aus unserer Erfindermappe
Die „Isidor"-Maske (D. R. P. angem.) garantiert dem Träger Schutz vor dem Gummiknüppel und sieht stark verfassungstreu aus.

From Our Inventors' Folder

Text: "The 'Isidor' mask (D.R.P. approved) guarantees the wearer protection from rubber truncheons, and looks very constitutional."


14. Züchterstolz
HEIMANNSBERG
Polizeioberst Heimannsberg ist seines „verdienstvollen Wirkens wegen“
zum Kommandeur der Berliner Schutzpolizei ernannt worden.

Breeder's Pride

Text: “Police Colonel Heimannsberg has been appointed commander of the Berlin police force for his ‘meritorious service’.”

15. Diese Egoisten
Der Polizeipräsident hat verfügt, daß das gewerbsmäßige Umherführen von Tanzbären nicht mehr zugelassen wird.
ZORGIEBEL
WEISS
BERLIN

These Egoists

Text: "The police chief has decreed that the commercial exhibition of dancing bears is no longer permitted."

Nothing but Trouble

Text, dialogue: “The master is angry!”

Text, bottom right: “Now the animal welfare association has found out that HE rides horses.”

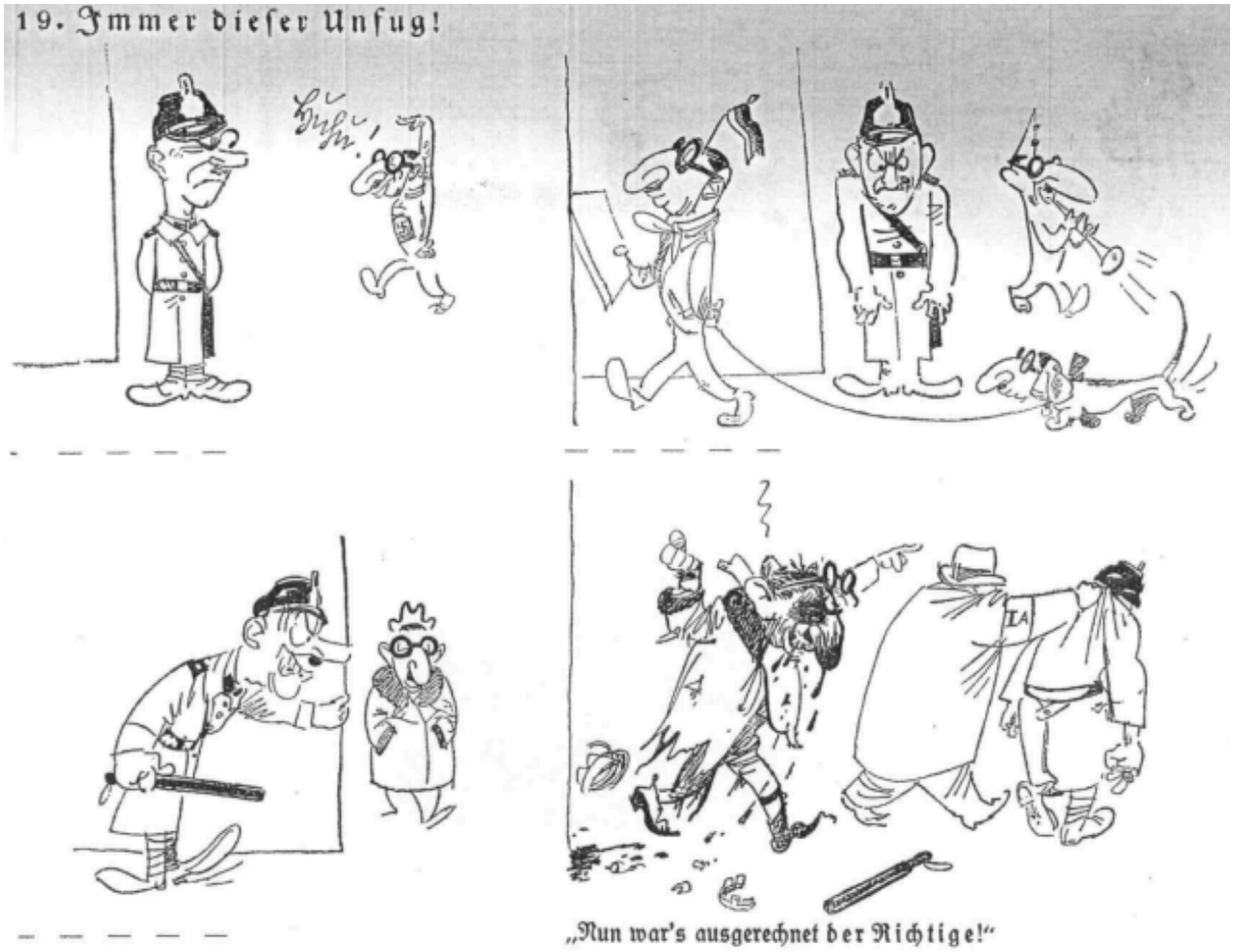
The New Nero

Text: “HE always plays thankless roles.”

18. Die Jagd geht auf!
Ein ganz hoher Berliner Würdenträger ist zum Ehrenmitglied des Berliner Parforce-Jagdklubs ernannt worden.
1A
1A
1A

The Hunt is On!

Text: "A very high-ranking Berlin dignitary has been appointed as an honorary member of the Berlin Paxforce Hunting Club."

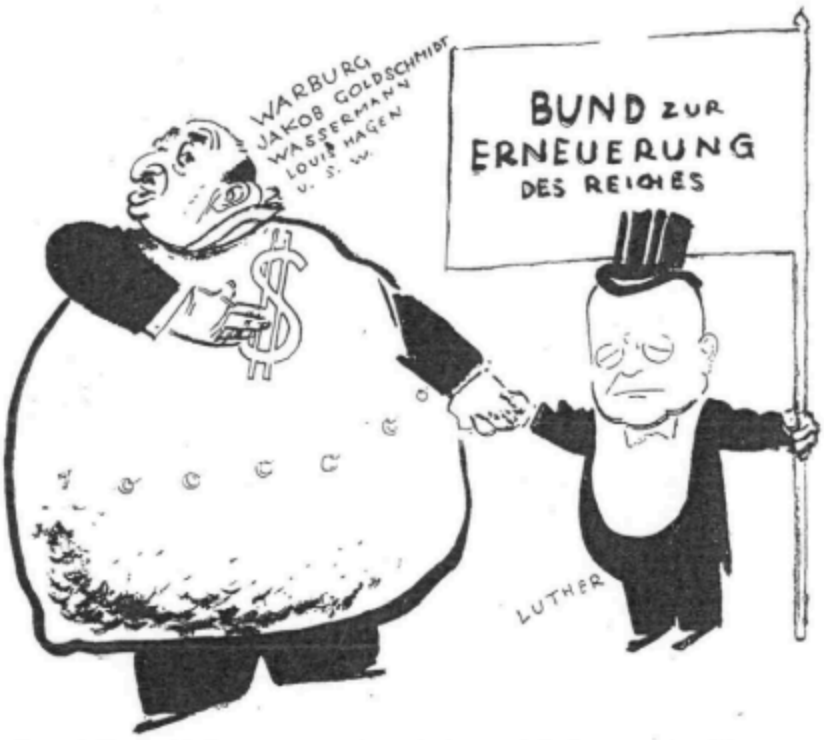


Always This Nonsense!

Text: “Now he was the right one, of all people!”

20. Dir glaubt man's!

Der ehemalige Reichskanzler Dr. Luther hat mit den jüdischen Bankiers Warburg, Waffermann, Goldschmidt u. a. einen „Bund zur Erneuerung des Reiches" gegründet.



Warburg & Co.: „Wir haben nur ein Vaterland, das heißt Deutschland!"
(Aus dem Gründungsaufruf).

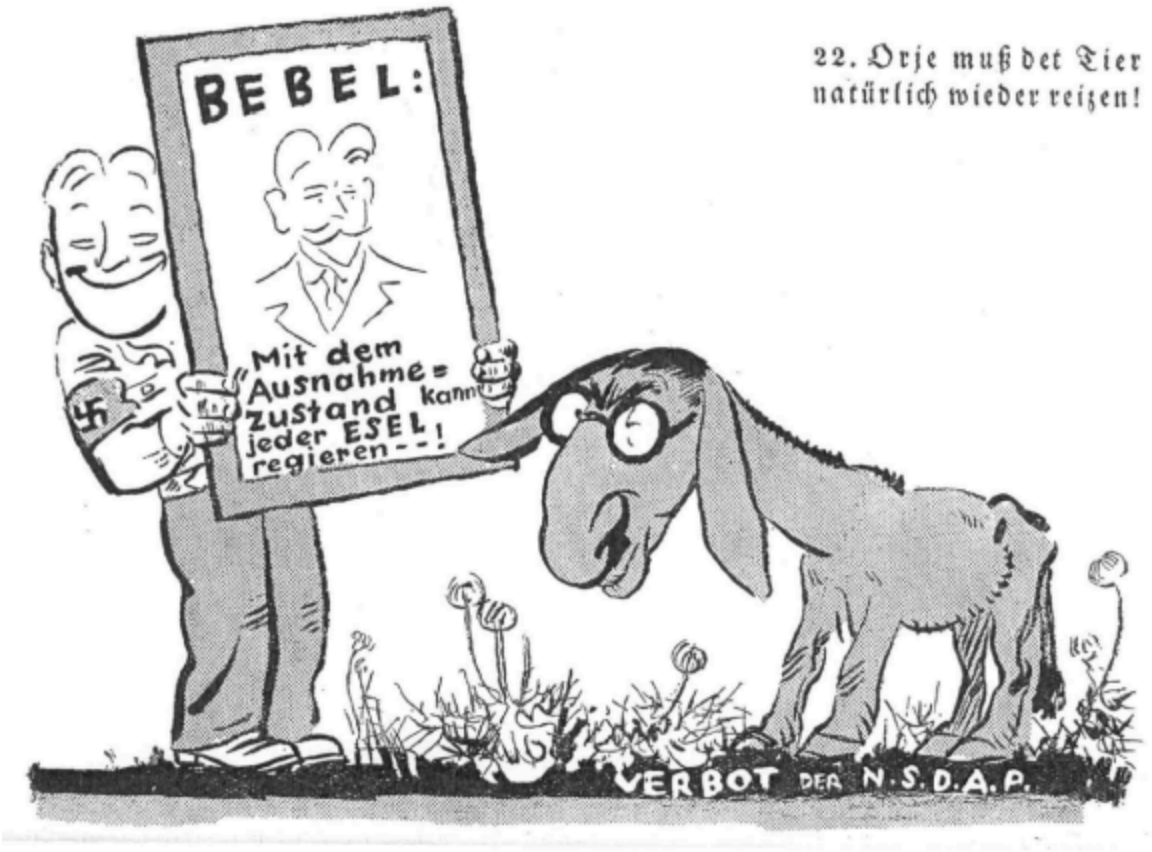
We Believe You!

Text, top left: "Former Reich Chancellor Dr. Luther has formed an alliance with Jewish bankers Warburg, Waffermann, Goldschmidt, etc. to renew the Reich."

Text, bottom: "Warburg & Co.: 'We have only one fatherland, and that is Germany!' (From the founding proclamation)"

Abolition of the Death Penalty?

Text: “For the justice system, yes! - Criminals can continue to express it, of course –”



Of Course, the Animal Has to Provoke Him Again!

Text, middle: "Bebel: 'With this state of emergency, even a donkey could govern!'"

23. Bange Frage
POLIZEI-PRÄSIDIUM
Orje auf dem Alexanderplatz: „Sie, Herr Wachtmeester, wann will'n die I A umzieh'n?" „Wieso??" „Na, hier soll doch jetzt das Haus der 99 Schafsköpfe abjerissen wer'n, denk ick?"
Das historische „Haus der 99 Schafsköpfe" auf dem Alexanderplatz in Berlin fällt aus Verkehrsgründen der Spitzhacke zum Opfer.

An Anxious Question

Text, top: Police headquarters

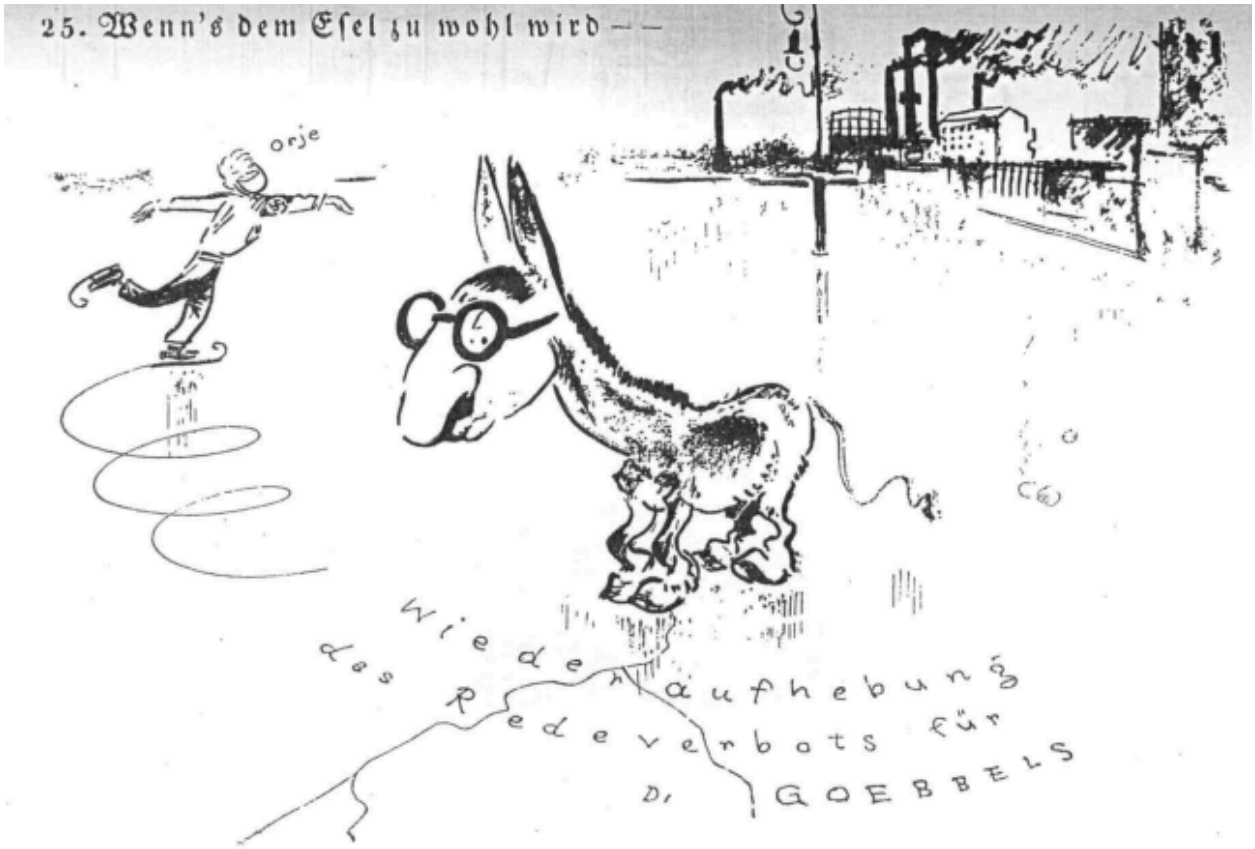
Text, middle: Orje[7] on Alexanderplatz: "Hey, officer, when are they moving the IA?" "Why?" "Well, I think they're tearing down the House of the 99 Sheep Heads, aren't they?"

Text, bottom: "The historic 'House of the 99 Sheep's Heads' on Alexanderplatz in Berlin is being demolished for redevelopment reasons."

[7] Orje was an early mascot for "Der Angriff" and makes numerous appearances as a representation of the NSDAP.

To the Familiar Hospital

Text: “The loyal ‘St. Bernards’ bring in new victims every day.”



When the Donkey Gets Too Comfortable

Text: "Like the repeal of the ban on Dr. Goebbels speaking."

If HE Were to Ruin Christmas

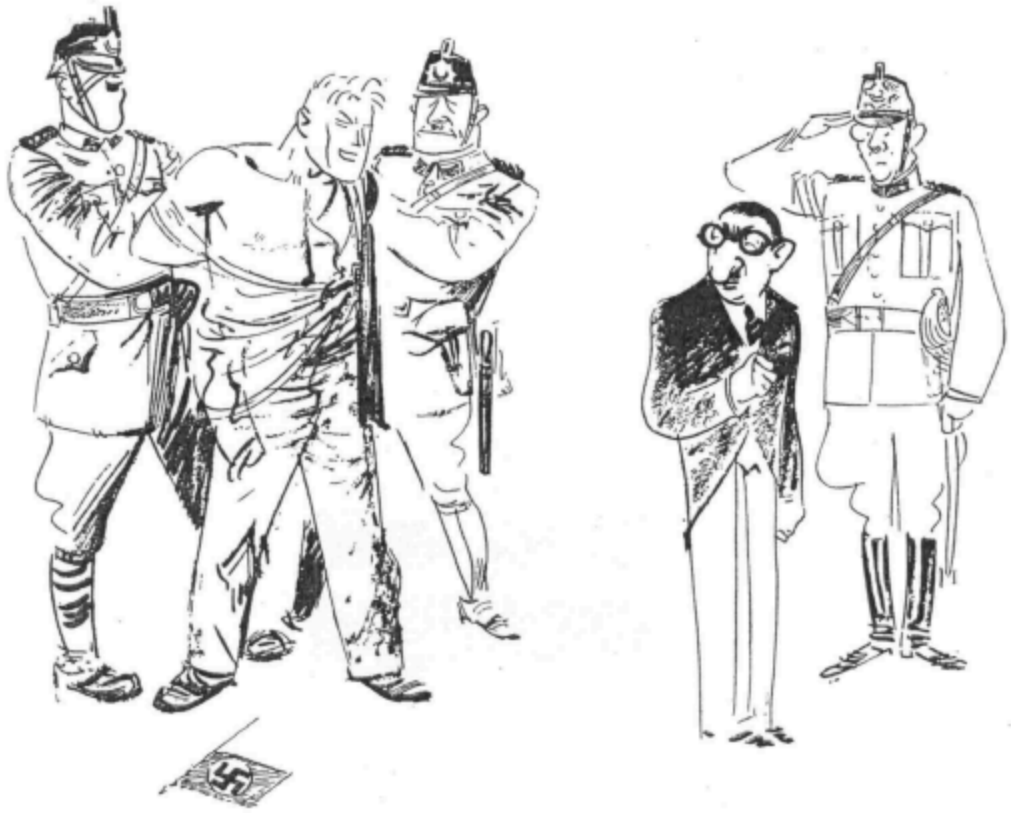
Text: "Daughter of Zion, rejoice!"

Brother, Who Are You Persecuting?

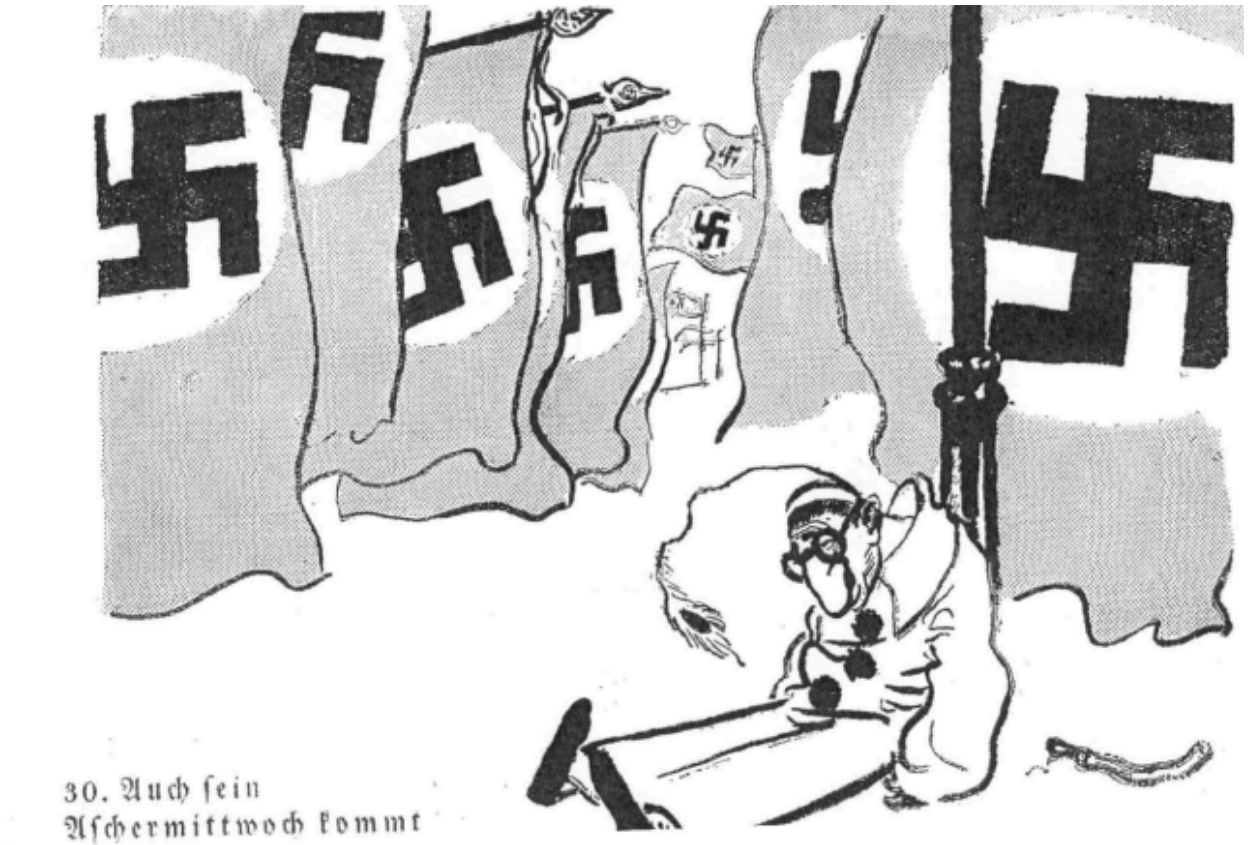
An Excellent Sower

Text: Persecution, prohibitions, prison sentences, mistreatment

29. Deutſchland erwacht!



Germany, Awake!



Ash Wednesday Will Come For Him Too!

There You Have It - Thirty Prominent Figures of This Republic

Hugo Preuß

Ladies and gentlemen!

The German people were going through a difficult time back then; they had defended their fatherland for four years, and two million had sealed their loyalty to their homeland with their lives; meanwhile, the dregs of the desert had flooded into this beautiful country from the east, pillaging towns and countryside, and now the money-grubbers were setting about fortifying and perpetuating the misery of our people. November 9th, 1918, came at a very convenient time for them; indeed, they had played a major role in bringing it about.

Suddenly, someone emerged from the darkest hiding place, someone whom no one had known until then. During the heroic era of his host people, he had sat at his desk and drafted the constitution for that relatively short period of German history known to all of you as the November Republic:

Hugo Preuß

- a Jew and the father of the German constitution.

In this constitution, a few copies of which can still be found in libraries, it is written that freedom of expression in word, writing, and image is guaranteed - thank God the German people no longer languish under the slave whip of the brutal violators of the Weimar Constitution, and I therefore need not mince words in characterizing this document.
Just imagine...

Charles Dawes

The first Dawes year of full fulfillment begins - this year we have to pay the Wall Street banks the following: 80 marks per second, 4,800 marks per minute, 288,000 marks per hour, 6,912,000 marks per day, 207,360,000 marks per month, 2,500,000,000 marks per year! As a result, the property base of the German people is becoming increasingly narrow, and accordingly, more and more of our fellow citizens are becoming unemployed and destitute every day; foreign loans, obtained from our own interest payments, are conquering the last remnants of German economic sovereignty, and it is already possible to calculate when German property will finally begin to be sold off and squandered.

All this is happening on the basis of a treaty that contains one evil phrase: “The standard of living of the German people must be reduced to a minimum that cannot be further restricted” - this means that every Negro has more right to light, air, and life than we German working proletarians. Men who do not suffer under this treaty, but on the contrary, gain fame, honor, and bank accounts through its unquestioning fulfillment; they call it “the Bible of economics” and say it is “the silver lining on the horizon.”

Its author is a former bank robber, and thanks to his philosemistic services in America, he rose to become a “general” and vice president of the United States:

Charles Dawes!

Parker Gilbert

"Hail to you in Dawes' glory,
Servant of the Fatherland,
Hail to you, Parker!
Feel in the wreath of laurels
The supreme joy
Of being the slaughterer of the people -
Hail to you, Gilbert!

Be Parker Gilbert here:
Long live the pride of "our" people,
The pride of humanity.
We stand united
When Dawes' sun shines,
We worship God Mammon,
"United and free!"'

The above national anthem of the Dawes Colony of Germany, in honor of the new emperor,

Parker Gilbert,

is dedicated to the Reichsbanner; it was taken, with the kind permission of the publisher, from the latest "Eulenspiegeleien" (Eulenspiegel Jokes) by the republican court poet Gerardo Capitano.

Walter Rathenau

"This Jew was very little Jewish and not at all brilliant - but he towered head and shoulders above everything he encountered in his political sphere in Germany today, as in the past. He was far too good, far too good for this nation.

Poor

Walter Rathenau!

Nothing vulgar or brutally primitive sprang from him—nothing of the strong, laughing Eastern Jew flowed in his blood. And he was not the last Jew to stand up to the rabble - he had the courage of the Jew to die alone, and to disregard the brute force of the eternal Boches[8]; but then again, he also did not die for this nation of newspaper readers, voting cattle, profiteers, murderers, renegades, operetta lovers, and official corpses."

- **The Jew Arnold Zweig, on the death of Walter Rathenau in the Weltbühne**

"Never forget that you were there, and keep this page as a memorial to a man who died so that his people might live."

- **The Social Democratic Workers' newspaper "Vorwärts" on the death of Walter Rathenau, on July 22nd, 1922**

"...but Rathenau was a servant of God on Earth."

- **The Marxist "Tagesbote Brünn", July 23rd, 1922**

[8] A slur for Germans, originating from WW1 among Allied soldiers.

Hjalmar Schacht

September 1925

Mr. Reichsbank President Dr. Schacht!

"As you know, I granted you a mortgage of 50,000 gold marks on your property in Zehlendorf, No. 2386, at the beginning of 1912, which was valid for 10 years and was unfortunately cancelled on February 22nd, 1922; had the cancellation taken place four months later, the mortgage would have had retroactive effect under the new revaluation law, and I would have been entitled to a good 11,000 gold marks. I hope that you will not take advantage of this unfortunate circumstance, but will voluntarily grant me an appropriate revaluation, all the more so as you have retained almost all of the money invested in this property, since the building is currently still worth at least 80 percent of its market value. Please also take into account the fact that I had to sacrifice my husband to the fatherland and that I can only support myself and my two daughters, who are still of school age, with great difficulty on my very modest pension - as President of the Reichsbank, you are in the best position to assess the situation and do me justice."

Yours sincerely,
Mrs. H.v.B.

Berlin, September 12th, 1925

Mrs. v. B:

"In response to your undated letter, I kindly inform you that there is no legal or moral reason for me to comply with your request, and I therefore regret that I must reject it."

Yours sincerely,
Dr. Hjalmar Schacht.

From the correspondence file of German Reichsbank President Hjalmar Schacht.

Jacob Goldschmidt

When Hugo Stinnes died – or was he killed, since his death came at such an opportune moment for many? – he left behind his giant colossus of a company, standing on feet of clay, to an heir who proved unequal to the tasks facing him. It did not take long for the first rumors of difficulties at Stinnes to surface: loans were withdrawn, payments stalled, expected orders failed to materialize - everything seemed to happen by chance, but in reality it was orchestrated and manipulated by an invisible hand.
When the owners of the conglomerate came to their senses and looked around, their great adversary was just about to play his last trump cards - and with that, he won the game.
Today, he is the master of coal, and because he is one of the 300 who rule the world according to unknown laws, his name is taboo, yet we will say it here: the lender of 800,000 marks to “Vorwärts”, the owner of the Stinnes group, the 120-member supervisory board, the owner of the Dawes province of Germany, is:

Jacob Goldschmidt

When, in the spring of 1927, the American-Jewish banker Otto Hermann Kahn appeared in Berlin to negotiate with influential figures about the Dawesization of the Reichspost, the National Socialist German Workers' Party dared alone to protest against this planned attack on German sovereignty, naming for the first time in public the real mastermind behind it. The next day, the party was banned on the flimsiest of pretexts; this ban came from the Berlin police headquarters, whose vice president is Bernhard Weiß; he is the son of a synagogue leader and a German citizen of the Jewish faith and Ponims.

Max Moritz Warburg

"It would be contrary to his simple outlook on life to list all that this outstanding man has done for the German fatherland, for German Jewry, and for our Central Association. We wish to acknowledge only one thing: as Germans, as Jews, as members of the Central Association, we are proud and happy that he is one of us; if the great goals set for the state, the economy, and culture are to be achieved, Max Warburg will remain indispensable for a long time to come. May he live this long life in good health and with undiminished creative joy, continuing to be a rich blessing to the German fatherland and his hometown, and to us as one of the noblest examples of German-Jewish achievement."

This is what the "Organ of the Central Association of German Citizens of the Jewish Faith" recently wrote on the 60th birthday of

Max Moritz Warburg,

the well-known Jewish banker from Hamburg.

Well said! Max Moritz Warburg will remain indispensable in Germany for a long time to come, as will his brother Felix in America, for these "noblest examples of Jewish effectiveness" are among the 300 whom, as Walter Rathenau once said, "rule the world according to secret laws."

Gustav Stresemann

There is a grand reception at Hindenburg's residence; a dinner is being held in honor of the King of Denmark, who is visiting the imperial capital, and he is attended by the so-called elite of all political persuasions,

Gustav Stresemann,

the well-known bottled beer philosopher, foreign minister, Goethe scholar, and husband of Käthe Kleefeld; seated opposite the royal guest, he is known among the intellectuals of Berlin W as a brilliant conversationalist, and no sooner has he warmed up over food and drink than he begins to show off his skills. He leans far across the table and asks the king loudly and bluntly:
“Tell me, Your Majesty, what is your wife's birth?”
An icy silence falls; a high-ranking diplomat has a bite stuck in his throat. A few well-wishers clear their throats and try to cough. Hindenburg calls for water... The King of Denmark is the first to recover and replies calmly and composedly:
“A duchess of Mecklenburg.”
Some of the gentlemen desperately try to change the subject, but Gustav Stresemann does not allow himself to be distracted from his goal. Chatting, he leans far across the table once more and then asks in a silence that has turned to ice:
“Your Majesty, do you know the German Crown Prince?”
The answer comes as if from a grave:
“He is still my brother-in-law.”

Käthe Kleefeld

In this picture, we present to an esteemed and learned public the former foreign minister of the Holy Roman Empire, a man of republican persuasion; admittedly, he is not depicted in person, nor is his likeness exactly as it lives and will continue to live in the hearts and memories of the German people. Instead, we can only show the distinguished and learned public the image of Käthe Kleefeld, wife and inspiration of the greatest man of the German nation. And when it is written above: “This is what he looks like...”, it is both fitting and not fitting - it depends on how you look at it.

Mrs. Käthe Stresemann, née Kleefeld,

does the politics, and her great Gustav provides the music; in doing so, he enjoys the unconditional love of all Jews and Jew-servants. How could he not! After all, the beautiful Käthe is from the house of Jehovah.
We ask our esteemed and learned audience not to run away when the man with the hat comes.

Extra donations to account for S. Gustav.

Matthias Erzberger

In the forest of Compiègne, the cannons of the Great War are still thundering; the generalissimo of the Entente forces, Marshal Foch, steps out of a saloon car and, with a deep bow, accepts the terms of the armistice, that most shameful document which ended four years of heroic struggle, now marked by insults, humiliation, and hardship.

In Weimar: summer days. The peace treaty is forced upon the German people; a nation of 60 million is now thrown into the most miserable slavery for all eternity; one of the most zealous yes-men sits in the Fürstenkeller in Goethe's city on the evening after the surrender and writes the classic words in the guest book: “First do your duty, then drink and laugh!”

In court: A lawyer asks the “plaintiff”: “You say you acted in the public interest. How much did you invest in this company?”
“2,200 marks.”
“Then you made a tidy profit, since 30,000 marks were paid out.”
“I also put a lot of work into the cause.”

After his death: An appeal from the Center Party: “His entire life and youthful energy were devoted to serving the party; few have worked as tirelessly and devotedly in public life as he did.”

What is the name of this pious, strong hero?

Matthias Erzberger

Wilhelm Marx

"If I may recall the memory of this day one year ago at this solemn moment, I do not think it presumptuous to look back on the past year with a feeling of grateful satisfaction. It is with great pleasure that I can say that the serious concern about unemployment that weighed heavily on us last year, with all its severe damage to morale and material hardship, has been largely lifted from us; the fact that we have been spared serious economic struggles is also evidence of the growing recognition that employers and employees must work together to overcome the difficult economic problems left behind by the post-war period."

These were the words of German Chancellor

Wilhelm Marx

at the Reich President's New Year's reception in 1928.

On the same day, however, a news agency reported:

"Unemployment continued to rise in the first half of December - the number of people receiving basic unemployment benefits rose from around 605,000 on November 30th to 831,000 on December 15th, an increase of 37.4%; the increase is mainly attributable to male unemployed, whose number rose from around 507,000 to 709,000, while among female unemployed, the increase was 24.4%. The number of people receiving crisis support rose by around 24,000, or 16.6%, over the same period - the total number of unemployed receiving support has thus risen from 750,000 to around one million; additionally, there are those who have exhausted their benefits and those who are not eligible for support."

Joseph Wirth

“I request a reserved seat in the box for prominent guests. My name is

Dr. Joseph Wirth,

former Reich Chancellor, leader and spokesman of the most sacred party of the center; most distinguished member of the Reichbanner, which supposedly protects the venerable republic; friend and accomplice of high and highest dignitaries; contributor to the “Berliner Tageblatt,”; most selfless supporter and beneficiary of the Mologak Group; retired senior mathematics teacher, and current German patent republican; as my reference, I give: Matthias Erzberger from Buttenhausen, former finance minister, my great friend and teacher, who died a few years ago by assassination; surely he will certainly be found in some place of honor in heaven."

"Sir, you are mistaken - a saint named Matthias Erzberger is unknown here. If I am correctly informed, his application for admission was rejected on the highest orders; the papers were not in order, and the applicant was also found unable to provide a complete certificate of good conduct; furthermore, I must inform you that neither his father nor I nor any other prominent inhabitant of Heaven are members of the Center Party; we left the party after Höfle and Pestalozza[9], and since then, we have had no further contact with the leaders of this party. It must therefore be ruled out that your application for admission can be given preferential treatment. I refer you to the appropriate authorities.“

”Then the matter is hopeless."

[9] Joseph von Pestalozza was a Center Party representative for Bavaria and an early critic of National Socialism who died in 1930; couldn’t find much info on any Höfle.

Otto Hörsing

The bells wake everyone in the house; people jump out of bed in the corridors; the cry of “Waiter, check!” rings out with eternal regularity throughout the restaurant - then it goes quiet outside.
Meanwhile, things are all the more cheerful and unrestrained inside: it's a big day in that house that is supposedly dedicated to “the German people.” The stands are overflowing; for once, the representatives are sitting head to head in the benches of the semicircle. A bell rings, and then the president, a Social Democrat, gives the floor to the first speaker.

Sitting in the front row is a man who is not feeling well; with a blank, glassy stare, he stares into space, snores, wakes up again, mumbles incomprehensible interjections, paying no attention whatsoever to the reproachful glances of the president, who – after all, he is his fellow party member and a big shot in New German politics – is embarrassed and would prefer to cover up the whole situation with the cloak of party loyalty. But the man down there has other ideas: suddenly he stands up – completely unmotivated – takes a few steps toward the speaker, clenches his fist, then mumbles something that he probably doesn't even understand himself. Stunned silence in the plenary chamber and on the galleries. Then Adolf Hoffmann rises and shouts into the stony silence: “Mr. Bresadent, there's a ‘Besonffener’[10] in the chamber!” Amidst the stormy laughter of the entire house, the man with the red nose is led out into the fresh air by helpful servants.

His name:

Otto Hörsing,

General of the Republican Guard, known as the Reichsbanner.

[10] Meaning to be in a boozy or intoxicated state.

Berthold von Deimling

November 1915: Reserve Infantry Regiment 210 is deployed at elevation 59/60. The commanding general gives the order to present the regiment to him, but since the newly trained troops are not yet familiar with the presentation drill, the colonel commands: “Attention!” and “Eyes left!” The commander alone is not satisfied with this greeting; he demands the present arms salute to which he is “contractually entitled.” The colonel has to quickly explain this salute to the front-line soldiers, and then he commands: “Attention! Present arms!” The stage general gets his way.

During the May 1924 election, a sensational leaflet appears from a former imperial general who was ennobled by Wilhelm II for his “services.” The leaflet reads as follows:

"The German people had no say in the matter, but were expected to stand at attention; those who prefer to ‘stir’ instead of standing still should put their ballot in the black, red, and gold ballot box.
Monarchy is war,
A republic is peace!"

The general with the presidential grip, who is also the author of the leaflet, is named

Berthold von Deimling

Today, he is a “military advisor” and renowned general of all pacifist traitors from Memel to Lake Constance.

Philipp Scheidemann

“I ask you, who can, as an honest man – I don't even want to say as a German – but simply as an honest man who keeps his word, agree to such conditions?
What hand would not wither that binds itself and us in these chains! Yet we are supposed to work, to labor, to push slaves for international capital, to perform corvée labor for the whole world! Foreign trade, the only source of our prosperity, is being destroyed and made impossible for us! France has given us a foretaste of this by paying us 40 marks per ton for the coal mined in the Saar basin and selling it in its own country and to Switzerland for 100 francs!
Ladies and gentlemen! We have made counterproposals; we will make further ones - with your consent, we see it as our task to enter into negotiations. In the opinion of the Reich government, this treaty is unacceptable - so unacceptable that I still cannot believe today that the earth can bear such a book without the cry rising from millions and millions of throats, from all countries, regardless of party affiliation: Away with this murderous plan!”

This speech was given on May 10th, 1919, before the adoption of the Treaty of Versailles in the “National Assembly” in Weimar by the then Reich Chancellor

Philipp Scheidemann

In his Kassel dispute with the deputy Steuer, the latter published a comprehensive indictment, which concluded with the words:

“Comrade Scheidemann can rest assured that I would particularly regret and disapprove of any act of violence against him; I have always taken the position with regard to his esteemed person that the man belongs to the public prosecutor.”

Paul Löbe

People's assembly. The setting: a smoke-filled tavern in a village near Breslau. The President of the German Reichstag,

Paul Löbe,

speaks of freedom, equality, brotherhood, and so on; he speaks of the overthrow of reaction and the social achievements of November 9th, 1918.
Paul Löbe then ends this speech with a bombshell punchline; meanwhile, the bigwigs have kept watch and found that the coast is clear: “Free speech!”
A man from the crowd asks to speak. Climbing modestly onto the podium, he praises the speech about freedom to the skies, and then asks the unambiguous question:
"Mr. Löbe, Adolf Hitler, a soldier at the front and Knight of the Iron Cross 1st Class, is the only German in our republic who is forbidden to speak. Is this compatible with the freedom of speech you praise, and if not, are you prepared to take an unambiguous stand against it here?“
Now Paul has no choice. Pale with rage, he stands up and declares:
”I, too, am against the ban and will do everything in my power to have it lifted!"

Reichstag. The setting: a plenary session. The ban on speaking against Adolf Hitler is being debated. During the indictment speech by the National Socialist Dr. Frick, President Paul Löbe sits calmly on his promise and tolerates, without a word of objection, that the motion to lift this shameful ban disappears into a committee - never to be seen again!

Gustav Bauer

“A moral disease without equal must be fought in all social classes, with all means, with all ruthlessness, without any regard for the person… I consider it dishonorable and inadmissible for representatives of the people to cover up improprieties.”

These are golden words that the bailiff's son, office manager, and former Reich Chancellor

Gustav Bauer

spoke to the German people, and especially to the proletariat, whose leader he is known to be, on the difficult path of suffering since 1918. This same Gustav Bauer received a letter from the international Jewish profiteer Judko Barmat on September 10th, 1923, in which, among other things, it reads:

"As you know, I always value your personal affection much more than a few thousand dollars; however, since we will also be receiving dollar payments in Berlin in the next few days, I have refrained from enclosing them with this letter. Should you need any dollars in the meantime, I will send you $1,000 or $1,500 at the next opportunity.”

In the meantime, I remain with best regards,
J. Barmat.

As a result, former Reich Chancellor Gustav Bauer was expelled from the SPD; however, because he knew too much about his colleagues, he had to be reinstated after a few months - this was done with the explanation that ”his behavior had in every respect been in keeping with the sense of honor of a labor leader."

Otto Meißner

It was at a diplomatic dinner given by the Bavarian government shortly after Hindenburg's election for the visiting Field Marshal and President of the German Republic. The dignitaries from politics, art, theater, and the church were seated at tables covered with white tablecloths when Hindenburg's massive figure entered, greeted respectfully by all and fawned over by many; accompanying him was an obsequious, agile gentleman who nimbly and eagerly performed the honors due to the president of the republic, who had earned his laurels on the battlefield and spent 78 years in the rough trade of arms. This obsequious and flexible gentleman clearly came from a different sphere - the slight, somewhat mocking smile that constantly played around his lips revealed that he was above such things, that he was actually here to fulfill a different task than that of introducing and being introduced; the attentive observer could easily guess that this man belonged to the knowledgeable, those who, rubbing their hands and winking, make politics in silent noiselessness, without the sweet mob knowing them or even being aware of their existence.

A somewhat corpulent prelate asked one of the red politicians who this strange gentleman was.
The red politician replied, “That is our Reich President!”
And when the prelate looked at him in astonishment, he added,
“That is Ebert's right-hand man, the current State Secretary to Hindenburg,

Dr. Otto Meißner.”

Cuno Westarp

From the election appeal of the German National People's Party for December 7th, 1924:

“Now the great day of battle is approaching in the Reich and in Prussia, which will decide between the flags of black-white-red or black-red-yellow - we are fighting for black-white-red.”

Yet: “The best form of government for the German people is the constitutional hereditary monarchy”, said the same party when it sat at the crib and passed the Republic Protection Act.

"Just as we demand the national spirit and the fight against Jewish domination for the whole Reich, we demand especially for Prussia that the influx of Eastern Jews be finally stemmed. Germany for the Germans!" - yet the same party tolerates Jews, even Zionists, in leading positions, especially in its press, and through its approval of the Locarno Agreements has voluntarily handed over traditional German territory to the Poles, French, and Hebrews.

“To the extent that it is in its power, the state must make amends for the terrible injustice it has inflicted on its fellow citizens, who trustingly gave it their savings, through dishonest money and unjust laws” - yet when it was in government, the same party forgot all these promises and fobbed off the poor people it had deceived and who had given it their votes with empty phrases.

It is this party that was too cowardly to say yes or no to the Dawes Laws; it was this party that, under the guise of black, white, and red, sold the German people for 30 pieces of silver, just like Judas and his Jewish allies.

The man who leads this party is

Count Cuno Westarp

Oskar Hergt

The Reichstag, 24 hours before the vote on the Dawes Laws - the floor is given to the speaker of the German National People's Party,

Oskar Hergt,

former Prussian Minister of Finance:

"We feel that in the end, instead of the French yoke of blood, we will be forced to accept the treadmill of labor, and I leave it to the Reichstag and the German people to decide whether this is moral... However, the government went to London as a minority government; it lacked the weight of the German Nationalists, the fighting spirit of the German Nationalists, it lacked the nerves of the German Nationalists. We would certainly not have caved in on August 16th (in London); you can count on that. I would like to say calmly: Here I stand, I cannot do otherwise... And if the majority, weary of struggle, should give up German rights and sheathe the German sword, then we will remain as the Triarii, who later—we are thinking in the long term—will take up the fight again with unbroken hearts and unblemished shields... You will be surrendering German rights if you accept the Dawes report unchanged; in doing so, you will be renouncing German freedom, which your workers will once again feel with bitter pain."

But the next day, 48 of the German Nationalists voted no to the Dawes laws and 51 voted yes; Oskar Hergt, former Prussian Minister of Finance, Your Excellency, then became German Reich Minister, by the grace of Dawes.

Artur Mahraun

In the small, atmospheric ballroom of the former manor house, the Grand Master of the Young German Order,

Artur Mahraun,

welcomes representatives of the press - he has invited them to explain the reasons that prompted the Order to draft its comprehensive manifesto.

What interests us here in particular is the position on anti-Semitism:

"'We reject anti-Semitism,' Mahraun replied to a question from the audience. When asked how the Order would treat Jews who embraced the principles expressed in the manifesto and were inclined to fight for these ideas themselves, he replied that he would find this sympathetic and welcome - however, the Order does not accept Jews. When he was made aware of the contradiction inherent in the fact that the Order, on the one hand, strives for a state based on ideals, but on the other hand, makes distinctions between its citizens, the Grand Master of the Order once again emphasized what he had said before, namely, that the Order is not anti-Semitic, adding that he in no way considers German citizens of the Jewish faith to be second-class citizens."

This is what the "C.V.-Zeitung", the organ of the Central Association of German Citizens of the Jewish Faith, wrote about Mr. Mahraun. No comment necessary!

C.H. Becker

Attention! Slaps are being handed out here, not physical ones, but moral ones. This time, Georg Bernhard is not the recipient; these are, so to speak, intellectual or, better said, democratic slaps. The addressee is a certain

C.H. Becker,

who is currently Minister of Culture in Prussia.

When the new student law was put to the vote, the Prussian student body voted so clearly and overwhelmingly against Becker that one had to assume that this distinguished Orientalist would now leave culture to others and retire to the bucolic surroundings of a bourgeois boarding house. So one would assume - but the “Berliner Tageblatt” had a different opinion. The Orientalists at Mosse jumped to the aid of the Orientalist of culture and made themselves heard:

"The Prussian Ministry of Justice has just announced that the number of law students has doubled since 1913; soon, the anxious question will arise for all too many of them as to how they are to shape their future. It is the self-evident duty of a republican government to examine carefully, when selecting its future civil servants, which candidates are suitable to be a real support to the republic, and not to grant sinecures to secret enemies; once this necessary system becomes known to the corps and fraternities, everything, everything will change - the miracle of a republican student majority will suddenly become a reality."

Headline: “Democracy is freedom of thought and opinion”.

The Orientalists in government and editorial offices know this well.

Georg Bernhard

The “Vossische Zeitung” is now the only newspaper in Düsseldorf with the best sales prospects; this newspaper is treated with the utmost courtesy by the French occupation authorities everywhere because they know that the “Vossische Zeitung” is the only newspaper in Germany that advocates reconciliation with France; the French occupation authorities know that they run no risk whatsoever in granting unconditional (!) approval for the sale of the “Vossische Zeitung”, because it does not give space to all kinds of speculation and other political combinations that do not serve the policy of rapprochement; the same applies to the pictures in the “Berliner Illustrierte”. The French occupation authorities are also aware that the editorial staff takes the necessary precautions.“ Since this circular letter from the Vossische Zeitung to its business associates in the occupied territory, the paper has been called the ”Gazette de Foch."

At a political meeting, its editor-in-chief,

Georg Bernhard,

once—and only once—showed his unmistakable Ponim, whereupon a German student and front-line soldier slapped him, and not lightly - since then, the recipient has been called “Ohrfeigengeorg” (Slap-in-the-Face Georg).

Maximilian Harden

Before the war:

A man claims to have to have cleaned the imperial court; he accuses high society of repulsive crimes, of which he himself—as everyone knows—is strongly suspected. He insidiously hides behind cowardly government agencies and manages to work his way up to the Iron Chancellor; annoying and uninvited, he meddles in the affairs of his host people, even though he is a stranger in a foreign land and therefore using a false name, and pretends to be one of us; Michel[11] calls this cowardice courage and attributes it to him.

At the beginning of the war:

He engages in annexationism; no officer or coal baron makes such bloodthirsty speeches of conquest as he does. He wants to subjugate the whole world—from his desk, of course, and with the bones of German grenadiers; Michel calls this patriotism.

In the middle of the war:

He becomes weak; he talks about the hunger of others, insults German soldiers, discredits the Reich abroad, and provides the enemy with the intellectual weapons for our destruction; Michel calls this consistency.

At the end of the war:
He openly defects to our enemies; no dirt is too dirty for him to pour bucketfuls of it over our fatherland. He takes revenge on a heroic people whose only mistake was not to hang him and his ilk in time; Michel remains sadly silent.

One night:

[11] The "German Michel" is a typical representation of the German man; Goebbels frequently invokes him when bringing up the obliviousness and stupidity of the average German in his essays.

Two young front-line soldiers knock this monster in human form rather roughly on his soft head; Michel speaks justice and puts these fantasists in prison; Shylock, on the other hand, makes him a martyr for the truth.

Some time ago:
Death does not retch when he has to take this filth away.

What is the name of this scoundrel? Isidor Witkowski, alias

Maximilian Harden

Fritz Stucke

If someone drinks 30 shots of schnapps and 40 glasses of beer in one evening – according to the sworn statement of the waiter – then staggers home in a state of severe intoxication and beats up his wife, then in everyday life he is called a drunkard, a brute and a degenerate who belongs in a workhouse; if someone appears in such a state of intoxication at a funeral where he is appointed as pastor, slurs a eulogy that would be more appropriate at a carnival, then accidentally slips, falls into the grave, and has to be pulled out with ropes, then this “pastor” is called a disgrace and shame to the church, and one would do well to drag him to the market square and have him publicly flogged as an example; if the higher church authorities remove him from office and forbid him to continue wearing a cassock and his name, they are only obeying the most primitive law of cleanliness.

When this servant of the German people, who want nothing more than to lend a helping hand to their tormented people, is insulted while drunk and then thrown out into the cold, all decent people say: “What a shame about the fists that struck him!” An authority that uses itself in the fight against the freedom of such provocateurs should be reminded of the existence of a proverb: “Tell me who you associate with, and I'll tell you who you are.”

Incidentally, we show here in portrait form the venerable senior head of the Christian friend of the Berlin Jewish police officer, Bernhard Weiß, the “pastor”

Fritz Stucke

Bernhard Weiß

Since we fear that even the most harmless characterization of this face could bring us into conflict with the State Court for the Protection of Berlin's Political Pundits, we will limit ourselves to quoting what Scherl's “Montag” has to say about Berlin's deputy police president. A motto for reading - thoughts are duty-free, even in the republic:

"Name: Weiß.
First name: Bernhard.
Given name: --see table of contents.
Occupation: Head of the Berlin Criminal Police.
Place of birth: Berlin.
Career: Born July 30th, 1880; assessor in 1909; district judge in 1914; rapid career from November 1918, government councilor, senior government councilor, head of Department IA, chief.

Beautiful women enthusiastically profess that he is an excellent dancer...
At 11 o'clock I sat in his anteroom. “The director is busy with a number of gentlemen.” - “I'll wait.” - The officials in the room whispered when they spoke; suddenly there was a sharp, rebuking voice from inside - pft! The chief was telling someone exactly what he thought.
A short ring... imperious and concise. “Come in.”
His head and face bear the marks of a strong-willed, self-confident personality. He wears a Menjou-style moustache; even his glasses strive for a little uniqueness - they are three-round, so to speak; the handkerchief protruding from his breast pocket is an absolutely isosceles white triangle. A cool forehead, a strong bridge of the nose. Cool, flashing, intelligent eyes under the glasses. A man of will. A man of considerable energy. This is the boss of the Berlin criminal police."

Magnus Heimannsberg

Among those present were Senate President Dr. Großmann, retired police colonel Schützinger, and representatives of the Prussian Ministry of the Interior. The meeting of the "Reichsbund jüdischer Frontsoldaten" (Reich Association of Jewish Frontline Soldiers) was opened by Dr. London; he welcomed the speaker for the evening in particular. In his speech, the speaker stated, among other things:

"In the past, every expression of freedom had been suppressed by all means; the effect of this attitude had been that police officers stood outside the actual people. Today, a people's police force had been created in Berlin, whose motto could be: Please come closer and get to know your police! The leadership positions in the police force should only be filled by officers who, out of inner conviction and love for the state and the republic, are protectors and promoters of the republic."

He concluded with the words:

"The police of the present and the future should not frighten, but help, educate, and promote."

Where was this beautiful speech given?
On Wednesday, November 24th, 1926, at the "Reichsbund jüdischer Frontsoldaten" (Reich Association of Jewish Front Soldiers).

And what was the name of the speaker?

Police Colonel Magnus Heimanns

Karl Zörgiebel

November 10th, 1918 - the traitor has stabbed the heroic army in the back with a brotherly dagger.

Astoria coffee house, Trier - a proletarian assembly, man to man and head to head. A small agitator speaks:

"What I am telling you here is the pure, authentic truth - so I say to you: the red flag is flying on English ships, and German and English sailors are already celebrating their brotherhood. The French and Belgians are mutinying, and the red flag is rising among them too - we can immediately turn our defeat into a great victory. It is up to us Germans to make the revolution first, so that we have already completed it when the enemy states begin theirs - then we will be in a position to dictate peace and its terms to our enemies."

The man who spouts this criminal madness is called

Karl Zörgiebel

and is now Berlin's chief of police...

Karl Grzesinski

There was great excitement at the Cohn residence in Treptow an der Tollense - Berta Ehlert, the maid, daughter of a respectable council servant, was in labor, and Mrs. Cohn was having a serious argument with her husband, who sat crumpled and distraught on his pedestal. A kicking, screaming boy with black curly hair was born, wrapped in yellow parchment, and given the name Albert.
A few years later, the unhappy girl married the Polish reaper Grzesinski, who gave the fatherless boy his name:

Albert Grzesinski

He grew up and distinguished himself in all things; in the era of the revaluation of all values, his value was also revalued, and so he climbed the ladder of republican success with lightning speed, becoming police president of Berlin, and, when Karl Severing passed away, his successor in the chair of Prussian Minister of the Interior.

Albert Grzesinski is also the father and champion of the ban on the NSDAP in Berlin; as such, he has earned the gratitude of all Jews and servants of the Jews. We are therefore not giving too much away when we predict a long, blessed, and successful career for him.

Otto Braun

“Once and never again! If it wasn't already clear from their activities elsewhere, the scandalous events that took place on Wednesday at the meeting in the War Veterans' Association building prove that the so-called ‘National Socialist Workers' Party’ is not a movement that should be regarded and treated as a political movement, but rather a gathering of rowdy and violent elements who, under the leadership of political desperados, are growing into a danger to public peace and safety. But Berlin is not Munich - just as we have saved Berlin from communist rule by the councils, we will save the people of Berlin from the terror of this radical socialist workers' party; we will nip this movement, which is directed against those who think differently and exhausts itself in the organization of illegal activities, in the bud in Berlin and throughout Prussia."

This is what the Prussian Prime Minister and Social Democrat

Otto Braun

wrote on May 6th, 1927, not in a workers' newspaper, but in the heavily capitalist “Morgenpost”, published by Ullstein.

In other words: suppression of unwelcome political opponents by violent means, with great fanfare from the stock market press, under the pretext of false facts - these are the fighters for justice and freedom!

Defiance and Faith - Thirty Sermons in the Desert

“Why Attack?”

Make Way For Freedom!

“Germany is an exploited colony of international Jewish finance capital - they have taken our railways, our economy, and our currency; they have carved out vital parts of our already cramped territory, and they are now groping for the last remnants of German independence, our agriculture, and our postal service. The money lenders' henchmen mercilessly wield the slave whip over German workers, and there is no end in sight to all this misery. Three million unemployed are silent witnesses to the murderous economic war against German diligence and German labor - the first army corps of the nameless army of twenty million Germans who are surplus to the world are forming.
A cunning, lying, hypocritical press and rotten morals are robbing these people of their last spiritual support. We are still living off the reserves of past decades of hard work and struggle - but the day is fast approaching when even our last economic and spiritual possessions will be squandered, and we Germans will face a gray, gray end.

That is the situation, and no amount of twisting and turning can change it; the more we close our eyes to the approaching collapse, the more cruel the awakening will be in the long or short run - that is why we call for insight and for the gathering of German resistance against despair.
Can things continue as they are today for another ten years? Everyone who still believes in Germany must answer this pitiless question. If the answer is no, then there is only one salvation: fight!
That is why we call for resistance!

When we helped create this situation, or at least stood by silently, we were promised work and bread, a ‘life of beauty and dignity’. But instead of work, we were given the misery of begging for alms; instead of bread, we were given stones and scorn. Is this a life of beauty and dignity that is officially certified today to three million people through welfare stamps and hunger? Did two million of our fathers and brothers

fall on the front lines for a different Germany, so that today the Jews and their German collaborators can cut strips from our skin?
Answer! Answer!

Whimpering, the parties on the left and right admit that they cannot help - they cannot and will not, because they profit from the funeral of our people, and where would one find a gravedigger who would not rejoice at a lavish funeral! These wretched creatures are already preparing to openly rob us of the last remnants of our freedom, and only a few, quietly and almost timidly, defend the remnants of that heroic spirit that once stood up to the whole world for four years.
Must we despair? No! The parties are not Germany, the parliamentary bugs are not the leaders of the nation - away with these pitiful creatures and people who have brought Germany to this point! The future of Germany is in German hands!
Workers! Frontline soldiers! Come out!
Where others whimper cowardly for mercy and defend what is too little to live on and too much to die for, we go all out. We have nothing more to lose; everything has been taken from us. Let us march forward to win everything: the German workers' state!
That is what we want to prepare for; that is the first stage of our task; our struggle and forward march will clear the way.
The attacker was still stronger than the defender - that is why we attack!”

“Trials”

Paragraphs Against Freedom Fighters

Text: “Our right – your justice!”

“A nation of 60 million people stands united, men and women, old and young, against a whole world of enemies, defying the will to destroy them of their most brutal opponents until they bleed to death. This nation will not be defeated by the weapons of enemy armies, but stabbed with the dagger of discord sharpened in its own country; when ten million front-line soldiers returned to their homeland after hunger, sacrifice, and nameless devotion, they found the gratitude of those who stayed at home: hatred, slander, shame, and betrayal. New rulers sit on the empty thrones that were abandoned without a fight by those who were no better than those who now occupy them; fraud, corruption, and capitalist exploitation laid like a nightmare upon these heroic people, and soon all that their fathers had once worked for in the sweat of their brow was squandered.

Thousands and hundreds of thousands of Eastern European Jewish profiteers crept across the border like a plague: they come in poor, lice-ridden rags, and after two years they are dignified, promoted to stock market magnates, and they now own the houses and farms of those they drove from their homes and farms, are friends of the highest dignitaries, and act as if they had always been masters in this country, while the others, who risked their blood and lives for it, their servants.
One of them goes too far: even the press that is devoted to him can no longer avoid reporting his scandals; he is summoned before the court that was once proudly and confidently described as ‘still having judges in Berlin!’. He whines and whimpers about all he has done for these people – he would have been better off saying ‘to these people’. He is treated leniently and sentenced to a ridiculously light punishment; he dies before he can begin his sentence, and he is elevated to a martyr for human dignity: Ivan Boruch Kustisker - a Jew!

Another is better at the hype - he makes ministers and former Reich Chancellors—the first Reich Chancellor of this people was called Otto von Bismarck—his bosom buddies, gives high-ranking dignitaries discarded pajamas and used golden toothpicks as souvenirs, and then sets about dividing up the spoils. His system is so cunning that even the most cunning can no longer find their way around it; when the whole thing comes to a head, his heroic deeds against the German people fill over 40 volumes of files in no time at all. The trial film runs for over a year, and the end result is that the people have forgotten, and the defendant is acquitted, so to speak: Julius Barmat - a Jew!
One night, a man driven by greed places bolts on a railroad track. An international express train comes to an abrupt end, claiming dozens of lives. The man is put on trial; the angry mob demands his death. They get what they want, and he is sentenced to death - but a few months later, the newspapers report in small print that he has been pardoned: Otto Schlesinger - a Jew!

There are some who do not forget so easily; they band together and shout the proud words on their banner of freedom: Work and bread! They are laughed at, and when that does not help, the red terror is sent against them. When they stand ready to defend themselves with their fists, the hack journalists cry out: Terror! Murder! Riots! Ban them! Ban them!
They are banned, and nothing could be easier! But these simple-minded Germans are under the mistaken impression that this is not right, as their fathers taught them. Once a few of these Asian desert wanderers get in their way, and when they hurl scorn in the faces of the German proletarians and front-line fighters, who are already starving and despised, they strike them with their fists, as Michael Kohlhaas did in the old days. The racketeers cry “Pogrom!” in their newspapers, and German judges sit sternly on their thrones in court. The verdict is dictated under the rule of the street: Nine months in prison! And the press thinks that's still too lenient. You shall have no revenge on your destroyers!

Max Hennig, Siegfried Zeuner, and many others! German workers!
Frederick, wake up - there are no more just judges in Berlin!”

“Silly Season”

The Philistine

Text: “Its the silly season[12] - fire away!”

“The July heat broods over Berlin - the asphalt begins to ooze under the glistening fire of the sun, and in the tabloid press, for lack of sensation, the old, faithful sea serpent appears, which has been seen somewhere, sometime, to fill the columns; the philistine moves with his wife and children to the North or Baltic Sea, and the proletarian builds himself a modest idyll out in the allotment gardens; the highly educated German Michel leaves politics to the politicians - after all, 28°C is a murderous heat, and we are only human.
The silly season! The silly season! The wheeler-dealers have steamed off to Baden-Baden and Norderney, and even in the government and the parties, things are starting to quiet down - but that's only how it seems. The shutters of high politics are closed, and behind them, people are meeting in the protective darkness of the wings, for what better time than this to distract the eyes of a closely watching public from the things that are quietly happening behind the scenes than with quivering asphalt and frivolous stories?

What Chamberlin hype, noisy Reichstag debates, and theaters in Geneva have achieved so far is now being done better and more successfully by a rising thermometer - put us to sleep! Put them to sleep! Just don't think! Pull your caps down over your ears! Now they are weaving what they will throw over our heads in the fall as a net of wickedness. It is no coincidence that statesmen and bankers travel to the spas of the world; they don't meet for 5 o'clock tea with a beautiful woman to say hello - when they wink, it sometimes, and often, means a sea of blood and tears.
Germany is an object of exploitation for the high and mighty, who today travel harmlessly and god-fearing to the spas and have their scribes declare that the dispute should now be laid to rest and the

[12] A period in the summer months known for frivolous news stories.

silly season given their due. German workers and German citizens! Don't let yourselves be lulled into complacency! Keep your eyes open! The high and mighty are in the process of selling off your last possessions, and while you drink your lemonade on your modest North Sea island or in your even more modest arbor outside and let God be a good man, somewhere in the south of France or North America, your labor and the fate of the wonderful boys who play like children of God in the sand before you are being sold. Pay attention! Watch out!

When statesmen go on vacation, deals are made, and the goods they trade are us, are us! When the newspapers outside are peddling their silly stories, behind closed shutters, currencies are being overthrown, front agreements are being hatched and concluded, revolutions are being financed and wars are being instigated - and suddenly black clouds gather, and bright flashes of lightning cut through the darkness and strike down upon your innocent heads. Germany is a colony! Don't forget that! Not even when God lets the sun shine, for under it, ears of corn grow, and these ears of corn feed a people of 60 million into serfdom.

Reichsbank President Dr. Schacht is in New York with the President of the Bank of England, Montague Norman, to visit the Governor of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, Benjamin Strong. The following issues are being discussed in secret consultations: new European bonds on the American market, the placement of German bonds on the American and European markets, and a series of German-English financial issues - so say the scribes of world capital. Words, nothing but words! But behind these words lie cruel realities: hunger, misery, unemployment—perhaps war and revolution.
Be on your guard! Be on your guard!

Perhaps tomorrow you will be faced with irrevocable facts:
Statesmen go on trips! How the peoples will weep!
On the boiling asphalt, a proletarian cries out the columns of the money press!
There is nothing in them about your misery and the worse things to come - only about the sea serpent and the silly season.”

“Is This a Country?”

This Party and National Holiday?

Text: “Crispien: ‘We don't know of any son of the fatherland that bites Germany!’”

“It was founded on November 9th, 1918. Not, as is usually the case with states, amid the thunder of cannons, but under the cowardly gunfire of traitors and deserters; with promises that were not kept, not one of them; by tearing down a flag under which two million had fallen; with a constitution that was drafted on the desk of a Jew.

On June 28th, 1919, it made peace with its enemies. This peace had an ominous name: Versailles. It meant the enslavement of the German working class for half a century, the cession of territories that had been ours since time immemorial, the recognition of the lie that we were to blame for the war and therefore had to bear all its burdens, the destruction of Germany's ability to defend itself, and thus the surrender of our entire future.

On August 29th, 1924, he was given the bible of economics: Dawes. For almost half a century, we have to pay 2.5 billion annually to our oppressors; that amounts to seven million a day, a sum that could eliminate the entire housing shortage in Germany in one fell swoop. We have surrendered our freedom to determine our own railways, currency, and economy- these are now in the hands of our exploiters, and are being ruthlessly used against us. These enemy powers sit among us, buying their way in with our own money, and once we are free of the burden of reparations, we will have to pay them more in interest than we do today in compensation.

One consequence of these treaties is that three million people in Germany can no longer find work, and must therefore be placed on a death budget. Another consequence is that their children will be reduced to poverty; in two decades, instead of German people, we will be surrounded by degenerates and rotten cripples.
Another consequence of these treaties is that the middle class and trades of our people will automatically and inevitably go under; they must capitulate to the boundless and insatiable will to destroy of high finance, for, if high finance wants to secure its rule for all eternity, it must break the backbone of our people so that they are crippled and exhausted, and obey every dictate of their oppressors.

Above all this misery and all this nameless suffering sit four hundred and ninety-nine chosen ones, whose job it is to talk instead of help. We have to elect them ourselves, and therefore also feed them. They live off our starvation wages, and therefore the worse off we are, the better off they are. They choose from among themselves the most skilled and cunning, those who are best at the circus, so to speak, and who can most reliably guarantee the remaining 490 their fat, sluggish, cowardly, bug-like existence. These cunning windbags now ascend the thrones, bow to the east and west, north and south, thank the diet-suckers for doing them the honor of allowing them to ensure the objective and undisturbed enjoyment of their robbery—they call it peace and order—and then they whistle, and we have to dance like puppets on a string!

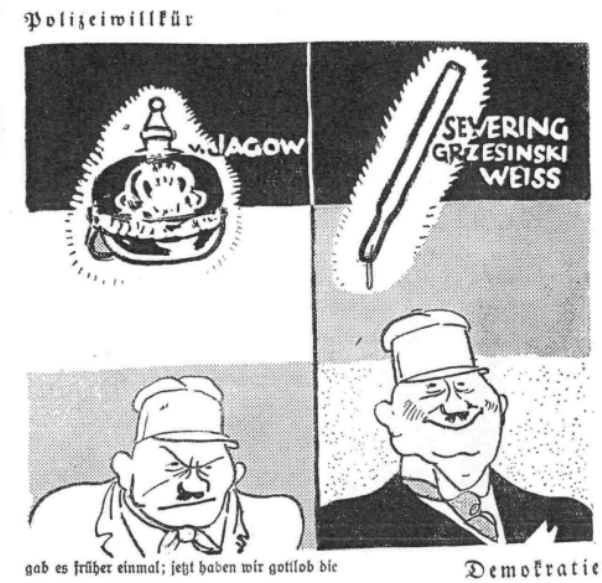
This, is called a life of beauty and dignity.

No, this is not a state, it is a slave colony, an object of exploitation by stock market finance, and because we are so cowardly, it's a very comfortable colony, at least for some. Let us not fool ourselves; let us look the facts squarely and dispassionately in the eye.

Why do you talk about statesmen when there is no state? Instead of statesmen, we have colonial administrators—a holy state court! You cry that we are dangerous to the state - where is the state that we are dangerous to? We know you! We are dangerous to the colony because we demand the state.
You administer the colony and claim with adamant faces to be statesmen; you call us dangerous to the state because it is dangerous for you and for us to want the state.
We know you, and you will get to know us!

To the faithful we cry: Destroy the colony! You are suffocating in these claims of “beauty and dignity”! Stand up and demand it: A free German state!”

“Democracy”



Police Brutality

Text: “That used to be the case; now, thank God, we have democracy.”

“All human beings are equal! That might suit the blockheads, but for our part, we refuse to be put on the same level as every donkey and pimp. And since everything is equal, we must logically all have equal rights, so says the Jew, and that gives us universal, equal, and hidden suffrage - but unfortunately, he forgets to give us equal economic rights; while he remains a limousine owner, we are left to starve. If we are all equal, then either make us all equally hungry or give us all a warm cushion to sit on.

Two types of people stand up for democracy and equality: Germans and Jews; Germans because they are stupid enough to believe in it, and Jews because they are smart enough to profit from it.
That there are smart people and stupid people is, God forbid, only embarrassing for the stupid; since stupidity is always in the majority in this strange world, democracy logically relies on the majority of votes. But intelligence is not only a nuisance to the stupid, but above all to the Jews. Only the blockhead can safely have the wool pulled over the eyes; that is why the Jew enthusiastically advocates human rights, because the instinctless herd bleats after what he bleats, whereas a few hundred smart alecks who know what they want have long since ceased to fall for this stale deception.
Mr. Müller is a democrat, so he believes that all people are equal; what would Mr. Müller say if, one day, he met a man on the stairs who looked exactly like him; a man who, just like him, had a thick, red gourd in the middle of his face, an oiled bald head under a black yarmulke, and who, like him, spoke at an angle over his stand-up collar, spitting saliva into the listener's face? Would he say, “Greetings, my friend, I see democracy is on the march!” Oh no! Mr. Müller is already surprised when he meets two people in his life who look alike. He would touch his head and mutter confusedly, "Am I dreaming? Do you have a doppelganger? I have a friend in Posemuckel who looks just like you.“ And only now does he rush down the stairs to the nearest police station or mad doctor and declare, ”I've gone mad!"

And if this phantom of sameness dared to talk, think, act, and feel exactly like him, that would drive Theodor Müller to his grave; but Mr. Müller is and remains a democrat nonetheless; in practical life, he is driven mad by his own wisdom, but he confidently and bravely surrenders himself to this madness.

This is the recipe by which we are governed: equal rights for all only make sense if we are all equal. We have the duty to elect a Reichstag, and since stupidity is in the unconditional majority, it is logical that the same stupidity determines the majority in parliament, and since one cannot reasonably expect stupidity to come up with the idea of electing genius, it either elevates the truly stupid, or those who only pretend to be stupid, namely the cunning. If five hundred of this sort come together, and if the voting majority is also willing to reward stupidity and cunning with allowances and free passes, then you have a true Reichstag. Unfortunately, no law has yet been invented that can prevent, with clockwork precision, one or the other of these five hundred from slipping through who is capable and willing. Therein lies the dog buried in democracy - the danger is that one of the five hundred will rise up and begin to rule.
Where would that lead if a genius assumed the right to give four hundred and ninety-nine straw men the boot? 'Vestigia terrent':[13] History offers enough examples of individuals who took it upon themselves to give the people work, bread, and a life of honor against the will of the majority; this source of error must of course be eliminated, and that is why democracy stipulates that the majority must also rule in parliament; it is the majority elects the cabinet, and the decisions of the cabinet are also made by the majority.

I suspect that, beyond good and evil, there sits a towering goblin who has been tinkering for millennia with a machine that filters out the stupidity and spinelessness from a people with absolute precision, and then puts them on the throne to rule - this machine is currently being tested in Germany. It is called democracy. The experiments so far have produced astonishing results - long live the German Reichstag! And now this cogwheel is being cranked up once again, and we are all just cogs or stampers. The five hundred machine masters are busy greasing the rusty gears, and now the steam power of popular sovereignty is hissing - it is a tragicomedy, both laughable and tearful.
I think we have had enough of these experiments. We do not believe that they serve the people. We are 'reactionary' and instead of five hundred little men, we want one man.
One whole man!
One who can do something and wants something; one who makes no promises but keeps his word; one who doesn't give a damn about 'universal human rights', but fights for the rights of the German people. The five hundred, we all know, want to earn money; we are looking for someone who is willing to serve. Service to the people! If one person does that at the top, then everyone else can follow suit.
If those at the top just live, then they shouldn't be surprised if no one at the bottom wants to die!

Prussia was forged by one man: Frederick!
Germany was united by one man: Bismarck!
When everyone started having a say, honor, happiness, and glory melted away - that is why we are once again calling for one whole man!"

[13] Latin phrase meaning "The footsteps are frightening."

“Pacifism”

The German Pacifist

“‘Peace on earth to all people!’
So says the Jew, locking up his safe. He doesn't need a guard - the world's conscience watches over his possessions, and the highly educated German Michel marvels at how clean and practical everything is.

‘Never again war!’ So cries the steadfast; unfortunately, no joker has yet thought of founding a league with the battle cry: ‘Never again stomach ache!; He would be just as right as the peace lovers.
Does that mean we should want war for war's sake? God, no! But you don't get rid of war by laying down your weapons, just as you don't stop stomach aches by cutting out your stomach.

Peace, too, must be defended, and like all goods of this inheritance, with the sword - those who want peace must prepare for war, and those who want war must preach peace. That is the calculation.
Peace and order! you cry. Fine! Why didn't you cry when peace and order reigned before the war? You made a spectacle of yourselves against the state, and now that you have slipped into your armchairs through unrest and disorder, you demand that we keep quiet while you gently empty our pockets. That suits you fine!
If someone breaks into a villa at night to steal the silver cutlery, he too is for peace and order, and if a shrill female voice cries out behind him, ‘Thieves in the house!’, he will act very surprised and explain that it disturbs the silence of the night - if someone talks about world peace today, he usually belongs to those who have stolen the silver cutlery from the German people.

A worldview is not an ornament for Sunday afternoon use, but a helper and guide in this hard life; it must not only be valid in the pale realm of theories, but above all in the harsh realm of daily existence.

A pacifist believes that the best way to serve peace is through renunciation; the other side will come to see reason eventually. Let's start by laying down our weapons, and then the enemy will follow suit:

Mr. Müller is walking peacefully through the Tiergarten in the evening, playing the organ and singing hymns with a branch in his hand: Mr. Müller is a pacifist.
Suddenly, two men stand in front of him, holding a cold pistol to his forehead in a way that leaves no room for misunderstanding - these are probably not pacifists. Your money or your life! Mr. Müller gives them the money and keeps his life. Your coat or your life! Your watch or your life! And so on, ad infinitum, until Mr. Müller has nothing left or until he says no and resists.
Yes, that's a foolish life! But Mr. Müller is no pacifist - as soon as he sees a gun flashing in the night, he calls the police. Mr. Müller knows that the police don't carry a sword in their coat of arms, but a rubber truncheon in their belt; this means that when Mr. Müller is in danger, he appeals to the violence of others, which he himself is too cowardly to use. That's the crux of the matter.
Pacifism is the renunciation of self-defense and trust in the protection of others; paying people to defend our lives and property is the highest form of culture for pacifists; on the other hand, risking one's own life for this very life is, accordingly, the most despicable form of barbarism for them.

This is how these pacifists behave in practice: outside their own country, they lie on their stomachs, begging, whining, licking the dust from the boots of their slave masters and kissing the hand that punishes them; but at home, their pride swells in direct proportion to their baseness, cowardice, and meanness toward their enemies abroad; they compensate for all the humiliations they brazenly grin at abroad by taking out their cowardly anger on their political opponents. Outwardly, the slogan is: Never again war! But inwardly, they sing: Blood must flow thick as rain! Outwardly, they wave palm branches, and inwardly, they wave rubber truncheons - not a hair on a Frenchman's head, but long live civil war!

That is the other side of the coin: has there ever been so much unrest among our people as in the last decade when we served world peace; have we ever been so close to war as we are today when we have no weapons? No, everything these wolves in sheep's clothing have taught us is lies and deceit:

Peace is not achieved through words, but through fighting; it does not come from the plow, but from the sword.
It is not the highest good - above it stands eternal life, and the meaning of life is struggle!
A people that renounces struggle renounces its right to live. Other peoples who serve this eternal law of existence will trample over it and destroy it with the right of the stronger. That is the only right God gave to peoples: to live and to defend their sacred life: let us act!”

“Internationale”

Internationale

Text: ““Enemies? Why?? The French are people too!”

“‘The Internationale fights for human rights!’, sings the German proletarians and, out of brotherly love, smashes the skulls of their fellow citizens; the Jew stands in the background and provides the accompaniment to this charming spectacle.

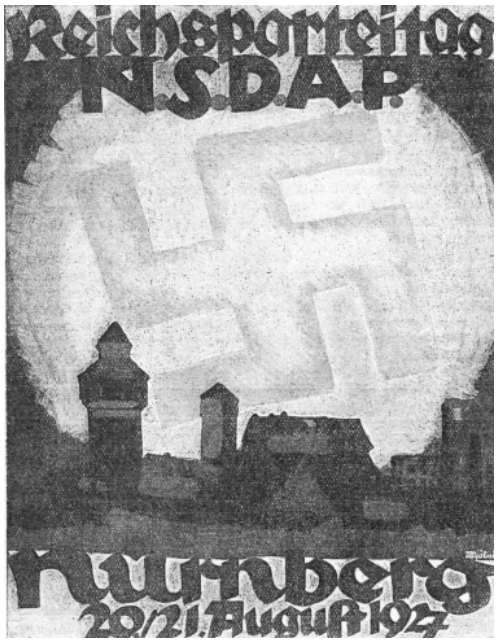
The Internationale rejects everything that means people, nation, and race, and swears allegiance to humanity: since all people are equal, all peoples are therefore equal; if all peoples are equal, then it is madness for them to fight each other; they should rather get along; war only makes sense if there are strong and weak, heroes and cowards; otherwise, it is a senseless bloodbath - such is the Marxist argument. However, this logic begins to falter when faced with even the most insignificant side issues: if all peoples are equal, why are some hard-working and others lazy? It's the climate, say the communists. And why do some have a sense of art and education and others a sense of calico? It's the milieu. And why do some have straight noses and others—with all due respect—crooked noses that are loyal to the republic? Here I am stuck! Perhaps it is due to economic conditions.
No, no! It is God's will - He endowed one people with all the gifts of the mind and heart, with intelligence, inventiveness, courage, perseverance, and bravery, while the others were left wanting; they are stupid, lazy, instinctless, and cowardly, and since they neither want to work, nor are able to, they would like to sponge off the diligence of others. That is simply unjust, the true internationalist will reply, that nature blesses some and curses others. Why does he blame me for that? I did not arrange it that way. I am merely stating that this is the case, and since it is the case, I demand that we act accordingly and not build castles in the air out of gray theory, which will burst like a soap bubble at the first breath of wind.

A small inquiry, if I may! When you say that the International is fighting for human rights, which one do you actually mean: the first, the second, the third, or the newly formed fourth? The one in Amsterdam, or the one in Moscow; the one with which the Scheidemanns betrayed the people in Germany, or the one with which the Trotskyites betrayed the people in Russia? Four directions, and this worldview is supposed to fight for human rights? Its followers beat each other up, and when they are done, they bequeath the bourgeoisie, and on their banners is written: Never again war!
Only a German can fall for this deception - out in the world, even the most native proletarian does not believe in this madness, and here at home it is used to rule 60 million people.
This government is then also what follows: red, hunger, unemployment, fat cats and skinny workers, on the one hand happiness and tinsel, and on the other hand tears and dull resentment - these are the successes of this political hackery that have long been visible to every observer. We were promised human rights, and then Germany was turned into a slave province of international loan capital; they let us demonstrate for the eight-hour day and gave three million unemployed people the zero-hour day; they talked about freedom and equality, and now we have the freedom to go hungry, and in death we are all equal.

If you shout, “China for the Chinese!” and demonstrate bravely for the “national freedom of the oppressed colonial peoples,” then you are a soldier of the revolution and a class-conscious fighter for the International - but if you say modestly that Germany is also a colony, and that we are therefore a colonial people; that this too must be liberated nationally, and that the slogan for us, who are Germans after all, must therefore be “Germany for the Germans!” and as long as no Chinese in China shout, “Hands off Germany!” we see no reason to risk our lives for Chinese coolies, then you are a fascist, a militarist, a capitalist pig, a bloodhound, and a kept subject of the reactionaries.

One clutches one's head in despair and wonders whether the nonsense can get any worse - a people is on its last legs, and its fellow citizens are beating each other's brains in for a phantom. For sixty years we have been fighting each other, citizens and proletarians: one for nationalism, the other for socialism. Rivers of blood have flowed for these two ideas, but neither has been able to overcome the other - all they have achieved is to reduce the German people to beggary.
This madness must be brought to an end; if we do not succeed, we are lost. Ten more years of fratricidal struggle, and Germany will be a field of ruins and our heroic people a herd of sheep and workhorses.
That is why we call for unity - nationalists, become socialists, and then the socialists will automatically become nationalists. Tear down the wall that blocks the proletariat's path to Germany, and then the proletariat will help you break down the walls of slavery that block our path to the world.
Stop being citizens! Stop calling yourselves proletarians - become Germans! Then Germany will cease to be a colony; then we will begin to build the state together!”

“Flags Over the City”



“Nuremberg! There is something magical about this name - Nuremberg is synonymous with everything German. Cultural achievements of global significance took place within the walls of this city; when people talk about Nuremberg, they are referring to the best of German tradition, which looks forward to a promising future.

In this city, tens of thousands of German men once marched in fateful times, welcomed and cheered by German patriots who believed that the new empire had been established. What grew so powerfully back then collapsed in on itself because it had not been fully formed and shaped; a great legacy was administered during unfortunate months by people who proved unequal to the task.
Now nationalist Germany is once again looking to Nuremberg, where tens of thousands of National Socialist brown shirts are marching today to demonstrate against the colony and for the state; the faith and hope of hundreds of thousands accompany this victory march of young activists who, in eight years of struggle for political power, have proven that neither death nor the devil can destroy them.
On November 9th, 1923, the first movement collapsed; it had fulfilled its historical task and had to make way for temporary chaos. After this period, the movement began to rebuild in February 1925, and today, for the first time in a mass gathering, it shows that the state of 1923 has already been far surpassed and that the movement now stands at the forefront of shaping the revolutionary future.

Brownshirts! Once again, all of Germany is looking to you, a few full of faith and confidence, many, many full of hatred and contempt - be aware of this! Once again, you are the iron tip of the lead wedge, and you owe this solely to your bravery, your courage, and your tenacious perseverance. Today is a day when you can be proud of this - you have once again proven to history that God ultimately helps only those who help themselves. When all others despaired, you picked up the falling flag and carried it

forward through the night and darkness - now the banner stands firm. Everywhere, in every city, in every village, you are known, and where people did not want to learn to love you, they have at least learned to hate and fear you.
Today is your day! You are streaming in from all German regions to the old, venerable city: you are coming from the factories, from the mines and offices, from the plow and the harrow. In your midst stands the Führer, the only leader who is guiding us toward a new Germany; it is to him that you owe the fact that you have not deviated one inch from the straight path; he is your guarantee that this will also be the case in the future.

Brown shirts! Lift your heads and walk upright and proud through the streets of this city; show that you are more than the others. Today, all of Germany is looking at you - today you are not a clerk, you are not a proletarian, you are not a farmhand, and you are not a petty official - today, you are all more than that: you are the last Germans who never despaired, the bearers of the future, the guarantors that Germany is destined not for destruction but for freedom - today you are already a symbol of a new strength of faith for hundreds of thousands and millions. If you were not here, we would all have to despair!
Remember this when you enter this city: raise your banners high and lift up your hearts! Let the rhythm of your marching feet echo loudly against the walls: young Germany is rising up and demanding its rights!

Flags are flying over the city - countless numbers of you have bled under these flags, countless numbers have been thrown into prison for them, and many have fallen under them for a better Germany. Never forget that! Above all, do not forget that today, as you carry these flags through the streets of this city under a bright sun and are cheered by tens of thousands - you, and you alone, have the right to demand, because you alone are also prepared to fight for this right.
Come now, you, the young guard of the Third Reich! Raise your flags and hands in oath and shout that you will not give up your rights! Demand it: The new Third Germany! The free German state!”

“The Holy Cloth”

Berlin! Banned but Not Dead!

“Forty German proletarians from Berlin, who can find neither work nor bread in the Dawes Reich, set off for Nuremberg one July day, their knapsacks packed with leaflets, newspapers, and books. Every day, whether it rains or the sun beats down, they march 25 kilometers; when they arrive at their quarters in the evening, they have neither rest nor peace until late into the night as they preach their political beliefs. In the big cities, they are spat on and beaten down.
It doesn't matter! They persevere. They arrive in Nuremberg ahead of schedule.

From a Berlin local group banned by the high police in the interests of ‘peace and order’, 700 working men and women gather to make their way to Nuremberg; they save their bread for months, give up beer and tobacco, and some literally starve themselves to scrape together the fare. They lose two days' wages, and the price of the special train alone is 25 marks - some of these 700 earn 20 marks a week.
He scrapes together his fare, and on Saturday morning, his heart pounding, he climbs out of the train cars that have rolled from Berlin to Nuremberg, along with the others.
A torch costs half a mark, and some of these seven hundred often have to get by on half a mark a day - but they must have a torch, for this light is also meant to burn for them as a symbol of the flame of freedom, warming their hearts. In the evening, he marches past the Führer with tens of thousands of others, raising his burning torch high and saluting. The poor, heavy eyes that have seen so much hardship, so much misery—and how much more will they have to see before they close for the last time—suddenly begin to shine. He does not know whether he can believe that all this is true - at home, he was spat on and jeered at, beaten with clubs and thrown into prison. And now thousands upon thousands of people are standing at the sides of the streets, greeting him and shouting “Heil!”

A deep blue sky arches over the old imperial city - the air is clear as glass, and the sun shines as if it had never seen such a day.
Fanfares blare; the procession begins to march. Endless, endless! One could almost believe that it would go on forever. Black walls of people wait along the streets, and no one shouts “boo” - God forbid! They all wave and laugh and cheer as if tens of thousands were returning from a victorious battle; they throw flowers, flowers.

The seven hundred march at the front; because they fought the hardest battle for a year, they are now showered with flowers. They stick them in their belts, more and more! Their caps are soon nothing but bouquets of flowers, and the girls wave and laugh at them - but at home, they are spat on.
And now they march past the Führer. Thousands, tens of thousands shout “Heil!” They can hardly hear themselves; they tear the flowers from their belts and throw them to the cheering people.
March past! Their legs fly as the music blares out the parade march of the tall men.
Then evening comes. Tired and heavy; it starts to rain. One last cheer: Goodbye! The train chugs out of Nuremberg.

Before Berlin! Dawn is breaking. Get out! Flashing bayonets. The rubber truncheon waves. Malicious, envious, mean. Berlin police. Get out! People rub their eyes. Yes, of course; the flowers were just a dream.
Comrade, the flag! Tear down the cloth, open your shirt! You, make sure they don't see anything. Put the dear red cloth around your chest; there it rests well on your beating heart.
“What do you have under your shirt? Open it!”
The blond boy turns pale. A dirty hand quickly tears open the brown shirt, and then the boy begins to glow. He rages, he scratches, he spits and drools. Eight men are needed to overpower him. The sacred cloth is torn from his chest in shreds.
I ask you: is this a heroic deed? You, blond boy, if tears come to your eyes, swallow them down - do not cry before these knights of sad countenance.
And suddenly he stands up and begins to sing; the man next to him joins in, and then more and more, until finally all of them are singing. Is this a transport of prisoners? Is it not rather a procession of heroes?
‘Germany, Germany above all!’

As they stand in the great hall as prisoners, they are called before the judge one by one. Each of them opens his eyes wide in defiance and says firmly and unwaveringly: “I refuse to give any information.”
From outside, the singing of their comrades breaks in:
“Freedom is not yet lost!”
You brave boys! With you we march against the devil. Tie the flags around your hearts, all of you, all of you! The sacred cloth rests in good keeping - I know it will shine again one day! Comrades! Comrades!”

“We Will Not Surrender”

“When we started a year ago, we were a small group of a few hundred people, desperate about the present and torn apart by everyday politics; we came from all walks of life, the educated from the right and the proletariat from the left; when we started, we didn't dare hope that Heaven would grant us the grace of our enemies' hatred so soon and in such abundance. We were hopeless dreamers, untrained in the feeding trough battles that have been called politics in Germany since 1918, unaware of the dangers lurking around us and hardly suspecting that it was dangerous to love an enslaved people and stand up for their freedom - that is how we began.

Many smiled and many laughed - we were so few, insignificant and without rank, with no powerful press to support us, with neither an organization nor the money with which such things are usually built up. Quietly and without fuss, we set to work, each in his place - one preached in the factory, another in the office, and a third from the high podium of the people's assembly. Everyone did their duty, and so work was accomplished. What we created was achieved by our own efforts. No one helped us - we helped ourselves.

And soon the laughter stopped. People began to slander and insult us - how happy we were to be defiled by the destroyers of Germany! Their resistance made us great and strong, and the more they defamed us, the more defiant our faces became, the harder our resolve to follow the path we knew to be right. We knew where we started; only God knows where we will end up.

When persecution and slander had no effect, they sent the red terror after us - it found us standing tall as fighters. We did not seek terror, but when it tried to beat us down, we met it with desperate faces and clenched fists. Pharussäle, Spandau, Lichterfelde-Ost—these were not acts of aggression, but acts of defense and self-assertion. If the enemy believed that this would destroy us, he was mistaken: we grew stronger and closer together.

Now the enemy was seething with rage - where normal means failed, he resorted to arbitrariness and lawlessness. He struck his own beliefs in the face and pronounced his ban.

Now we no longer exist. We are no longer here - a stroke of the pen has removed us from the list of facts. We have become anonymous. Even our very name and our symbol shake the republic - who among you would ever have believed that we were so strong?

In desperation, we rose up and became strong; whereas we previously defended what could no longer be saved, we are now going on the offensive. Give us back our homeland! When everyone else is standing on the golden ground of reality: we will not surrender!
We will take nothing back! We have nothing to regret, and we will continue to fight: Strike, strike! You are only hammering defiance into us. You make us great in love and great in hate - we will not forgive! We have nothing to do with you! We too know no mercy, just as you knew no mercy when you persecuted us.

Just now, a man stood before me, returning from behind bars, pale, torn and battered - he had insulted the most sacred majesty of the republic; he had dared to claim that it was not true that freedom, beauty and dignity reigned in Germany - he had spoken the truth.
A cell has been vacated. Who will go behind the iron bars in his place tomorrow?

Before this pale face, I have sworn:
We will not give in! We will not bow down! We will stand tall!
Strike, strike!
Every blow makes us harder and more defiant!
We will not surrender!”

“Metterniche”

Zörgiebel hebt den Maulkorbzwang auf — für Hunde!

Text: “Zörgiebel lifts the muzzle requirement—for dogs!”

“Freedom, as I understand it!
So sings the guardian of the Weimar Constitution as he acts out his ‘freedom’; meanwhile the person with limited subject mentality may ask desperately what has actually changed since the past, and why and how it was necessary to set fire to public buildings on November 9th, 1918, and why it was necessary to smash the windows of the food supply stores. Everything has remained the same; even back then, there was freedom, the kind enjoyed by those who sat in their upholstered armchairs. Those who stood in front of them prayed as they do today:

"So we stand at the steps of the throne
In old German loyalty,
And dare to shout hurrah,
If it can be done."

Freedom of opinion prevails - as long as your opinion agrees with that of the republic. If you want something different, then their legally patented guardians and henchmen set the constitution and the Reichstag in motion, and soon you get to know the freest state in the world from its dark side. If something does not fit in with the constitution – and what does not fit in with it? – then it is opposed. Democratic arbitrariness is inexhaustible in its official terror; where the law fails, the rubber truncheon is brought into action.

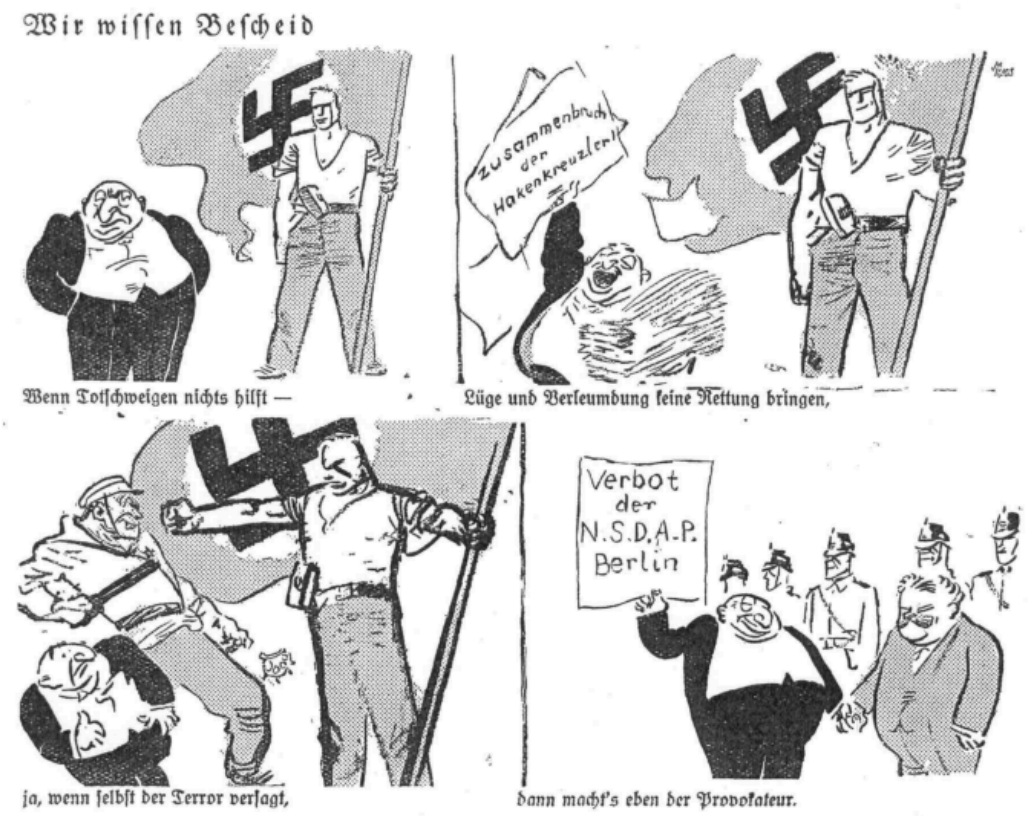
The Metternichs are not extinct in Germany, and if they once resided in Vienna, today they have pitched their tents in Berlin, more rude and mean than ever, with a few differences: For one, back then they were called Metternich, and today they are called Schulze and Müller; back then they openly admitted that they were ruthless and brutal oppressors of God-given freedom of thought, and today they gloss over the abuse of official power to stifle internal and external freedom with phrases about equality, democracy, and brotherhood; back then, they suppressed freedom internally, but external freedom was sacred to them and stood above everything else. Today, they are beating down the internal freedom movement out of fear that it will once again teach the people to break the chains of external slavery.
These Metternichs of November 9th live by the servitude of their own people; no one knows better than they that the sun of German freedom will shine on them at the gallows - that is why they fervently wish that night will remain forever upon us.

Prohibit! Prohibit! That is their ultimate wisdom, insofar as wisdom can be spoken of in their case. They have forgotten their own history, for what they are doing to their enemies today is precisely what made them great and powerful; one of their high-ranking officials once said: ‘With a state of emergency, any donkey can rule.’ He was allowed to say that in his day, for at that time people often shouted ‘Metternich!’ - but in many cases he was already dead. If we were to say the same of the present rulers, Metternich would rise from the dead!
We have learned to keep silent our opinion that there are even donkeys who cannot rule even under a state of emergency - merely our opinion.

Who is striking a blow to the Weimar Constitution - you, or us? Who is violating it daily through senseless and unlawful arrests, through official terror, the theft of personal freedom, through the gagging of freedom of conscience, thought, and speech? You, or us? You always cry that the republic is in danger, that the constitution is at stake! The republic is in danger because you defile and sully it every day with corruption, scandal, and favoritism; the constitution is at stake because the new German rulers boast about their glory at lavish parties, but otherwise couldn't care less if it doesn't suit them.
The Weimar Constitution has been violated and broken more often than by those who are officially appointed to protect and defend it; if you demand that we honor your flag, how much more do we have the right to demand this of you, you bearers of this flag!
No, no! Don't talk about democracy!
Metternich lives, and Metternich has merely changed his colors.

A young dreamer once said to a king:
‘Sire, give us freedom of thought!’
We do not say the same thing, for we are as little dreamers as you are kings!
But as kings, we will one day stand before the Metternichs and demand:
‘German law, a German state!’

“Answer, Comrade!”


Wir wiſſen Beſcheid
Zusammenbruch der Hakenkreuzler!!
Wenn Totſchweigen nichts hilft —
Lüge und Verleumdung keine Rettung bringen,
Verbot der N.S.D.A.P. Berlin
ja, wenn ſelbſt der Terror verſagt,
dann macht's eben der Provokateur.

We Know What’s Going On

Box 2: “Collapse of the hooked cross!”

Box 4: “Ban on the NSDAP, Berlin”

Text: (1), “When silence doesn't help, (2) when lies and slander don't save the day, (3) yes, when even terror fails, (4) then the provocateur steps in.”

“Comrade Zörgiebel!

On May 6th, you ordered the dissolution of the National Socialist German Workers' Party, Gau Berlin, with all its subgroups and affiliated organizations, in a letter dated May 5th; you accompanied this letter, signed with your highest signature, with a so-called justification that was in stark contrast to the arguments put forward in those turbulent days by the Jewish press, which was certainly not far from you, as the motive for your dissolution order - the “Berliner Tageblatt”, “Vossische Zeitung”, “B.Z. am Mittag”, and other world newspapers wrote that we had beaten a white-haired pastor bloody, half to death; that an editor had been brutally assaulted; that I, as a speaker, had openly called on the participants in the meeting to murder political writers, and what other heinous atrocities there were. The other day, I was also interrogated by your officials—I must call them the character heads of the political department of the Berlin police headquarters—about my alleged crimes; however, since I refused to make any statement

whatsoever to the police—I need not explain to you, as an old, seasoned revolutionary, why—the matter was brought before the investigating judge, who actually named several key witnesses who were willing to testify under oath to the crimes invented by the Jewish press in its free, vivid imagination. At the time, I called on the honest participants of the meeting in question to testify, and several hundred came forward to counter the testimony, and then the venerable pastor sank into obscurity; we were even contacted by a senior police officer from your—Comrade Zörgiebel, your—police force, who declared himself willing to swear that he had noticed the venerable old man in a heavily intoxicated state before the meeting. But that is only a side note!

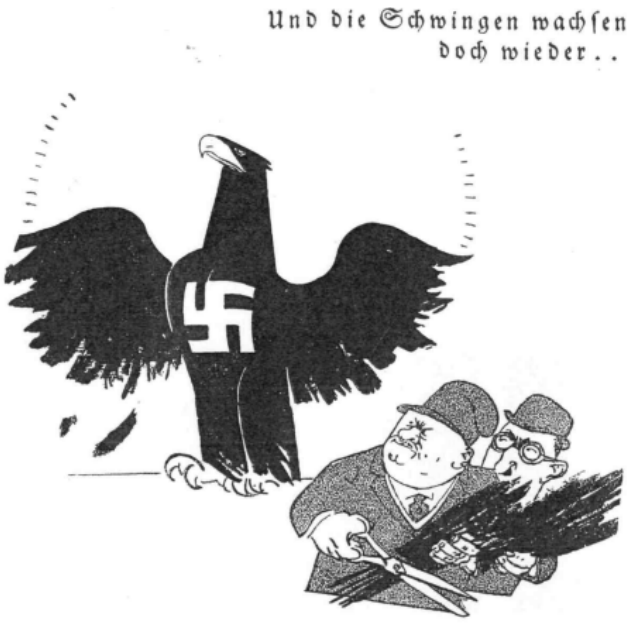
And now to the main point:

We immediately lodged a formal protest against your dissolution order with the president; we did so with a clear conscience, as the document signed with your name was so frivolous, not to say incompetent, that any decent judge would have had no choice but to overturn this ban, which is unheard of even for New German rulers - you seem to know that yourself, Comrade. To this day—the ban is now seven months old—you and your organs have not yet deemed it expedient to provide the higher authority of the Oberpräsident with the documents it requested - on the contrary! You are artificially dragging out the matter, counting on our temporary powerlessness, turning a deaf ear, and burying your head—oh, the head of heads in the new Germany—in the sand. By God, that is the most sensible thing you can do! The elections are just around the corner, and you know as well as I do that our party is the only one that, through its way of fighting, could seriously challenge Marxism even in the capital of the Reich.

Comrade Chief of Police! Have you ever taken the time to read your document from May 5th yourself? Do you know that it says: “Dr. Goebbels called on party members in no uncertain terms at a Märkertagung held in Potsdam on October 10th, 1926, to cooperate in the destruction of the present state”? Are you aware that, in the course of a year and a half, no public prosecutor has yet been found who would bring charges against me for this? Are you aware, Comrade, that the letter you signed states that I gave instructions “that the responsible Gau and state leaders must concentrate all their activities on the aforementioned points,” and that the author of your document is thus attempting to give the impression that my words refer to the passages incriminated in your order, when in reality they do not refer to any factual “points” at all, but to “points” in the sense of “cities,” “places,” “parts of the country,” and that in everyday life, in life below the moral sphere of a Prussian police headquarters, this would be described, so to speak, as frivolity, negligence, perhaps as something I am too clever to put into words?

Comrade Zörgiebel - revolutionary in a tailcoat and labor leader in a limousine! I do not assume that the ban against our organization is being upheld out of irrelevant party-political considerations; it would be very unwise and foolish of me to suggest that. But we have the right, as citizens, even second-class citizens, to demand that we finally be allowed to answer our questions in a proper court of law. We will not give up, and you can be sure of that, Mr. Proletarian Leader.
Will you answer, comrade? Drag us before the judge! Put us on trial! You have enough informers at your disposal who could convict us. You have the floor - speak! We will not fail to respond!”

“Beware, Rubber Truncheons!”



Text: “The wings are growing back after all…”

“Do you know what that means? No? But I do - everyone knows who has the military police of the freest republic on their tail, everyone who takes the words ‘beauty” and “dignity’ too seriously. It means: Watch what you say, buddy! We live in a democratic state where freedom of speech is guaranteed; freedom of expression only exists, of course, as long as your opinion coincides with that of the sycophants of our most holy republic.
Beware, rubber truncheons! That means: here, peace pipes are played to sweet sounds; here, the conscience of the world is preached to the outside world, while inside the country itself, the whip of hunger is cracked over our backs. The Jew plays first fiddle, and the highly educated German Michel hums the bass; this is a dangerous thing. The pacifist palm branch of the republic is nearby; say what you mean, lest the peace fanfare of the Greens burst your eardrums. That is unpleasant in more ways than one - we know this from experience!

One should not take the name of the Lord in vain, even if he is a Jew and holds the high office of police president; one should learn to say everything and nothing. When your opponent fights with a foil, you must not smear him with excrement.
Learn to use the foil, my friend! The foil may well defeat the club, but the club rarely defeats the foil, especially when the club is wielded by paid hands and the foil sings in the hand of one who takes pleasure in the noble art of fencing.
Have you ever seen a Jew defending his dung heap with his own fists? No, no! He just stands in the background and gives orders. “Swing the rubber truncheon!” That is the command for the Germans to beat the Germans.

These same men once laid on the front lines and looked death in the eye together; back then, they all had the same enemy, and while they were settling the score, the Jew was rolling the rubber truncheon behind their backs, which they, the old battle-hardened comrades, are now wielding against each other. Don't talk about it so loudly! Listen to the sounds of peace - when a Jew murders a German, he is merely the avenging arm of fate. But when a German gives a Jew a well-deserved slap in the face, the whole world cries out, “Pogrom!” The rubber truncheon dances its latest dance - but in the background stands the Hebrew, rubbing his hands and laughing.
As long as the Jew commands the rubber truncheon over us, it is certainly no honor not to be acquainted with this democratic thug who beats people for the love of the republic.

Why, man, do you beat our heads with such fervor? What have we done to you? Were we in favor of cutting your starvation wages, of denying you those few days of vacation, and of making your miserable life even more miserable? Do you see us drinking and carousing and whoring in the evenings while you stand outside in the snow and rain guarding our riches? Do we rush past you in velvet and silk, chasing our pleasures through the night in silent cars on the bare asphalt while you are tormented by worries about the future? Are we doing that, or is it the others? Speak! Speak! Answer us, why do you beat us?
You say: On orders! Who orders you? Your officer! And who does he stand to attention before? Before his colonel. And whose orders does he obey? The orders of his chief Jew.
You swing your rubber truncheon for the greater glory of Judas; those who order you to do so have no place among us.

Don't you agree that if you put down your truncheon, we could talk reasonably for an hour about what divides us? We Germans understand each other! But that's not allowed; that's why you have to beat us and we have to endure it with gritted teeth. It's a shame without end; you can't even say that because then the republic is in danger. We can only remain silent and wait until the day comes! Then it will be time for the others to hear: Beware, rubber truncheons!”

“Amnesty”

“Reich President!

Dozens of nationalists are still languishing in German prisons, paying for their love of the German people with bare chains; they have been silenced by all the torment that the oh-so-humane proponents of pacifist democracy are piling onto their shoulders in revenge - no cry of lament, no cry of despair, no whimper for mercy penetrates the bars of the Republic into the beauty and dignity of our Dawes colony.
Silence has fallen around these poor souls; those who stood behind them back then are now long since in positions of power and honor, blessed with posts and allowances; they drank brotherhood with the republic, and the republic does not skimp; it showers its former enemies with medals and pensions when they return remorsefully to the bosom of the democracy that promises them eternal salvation.
Being neighbors with murderers—how they were glorified back then and surrounded with the schmaltz of patriotic self-sacrifice—is unpleasant, embarrassing, and compromising. Therefore: Let us remain silent about it! Those in the lead chambers must remain silent, and all the cries for freedom and mercy fall down on the stone beams like withered leaves from an autumn-weary tree.

I, too, cannot demand justice! What does justice mean? Those who dispense justice above our heads laugh when we demand it; they rub their hands together when we accuse them. We cannot wait as we do with the demands of politics and the state, human lives are at stake here. Dozens of German nationalists are rotting in the dungeons of the republic - already today, they believe that death means salvation for their poor, broken lives.
And what have they done? Nothing but love their fatherland in their own way.

Mr. President! Your 80th birthday is just around the corner; you will celebrate it on the highest throne the republic has to offer. When you were lifted onto the shield back then, we all stood in front of that shield. We let our heads be beaten bloody, not for ourselves and not for you, but for the German people. I will remain silent about all the disappointments we experienced afterwards - perhaps our youthful desires went

too far; perhaps we did not see enough of the intricacies of high politics. But dozens of front-line soldiers were sitting in German prisons, whose badge of honor was nothing but heroism and self-sacrifice, without a stain of shame or depravity; they too stood before your throne, and we, as comrades, put our wishes aside and let the oppressed take the front row: Give us back our lives!
This call went unheard; I know you have no idea what torment, what a sea of misery flows silently from one weary day to the next. I know some of these men; if they knew that I was begging for them this time, they would be ashamed of me; I know some of these men who are slowly, slowly dying with the bitter feeling that their sacrifice is in vain.

Mr. President of the Reich! They are all waiting with bated breath for the day when you will be born again for the 80th time - if that day passes without bringing them freedom, then I know of no way to save them from utter despair.
I call on all German men and women to stand with me before the President of the German Republic: we are not making demands, for then we would then have to argue about what is right and wrong, and in the meantime German men who are destined for better things would wither away in the lead chambers. I know that thousands, tens of thousands, hundreds of thousands, millions stand with me.
Beyond party lines, beyond the hatred and divisions that otherwise separate us, let us join hands, this one time, when it is a matter of life and death:
Mercy!

Draw a line under the past and let it be settled; certainly, justice must not disappear from the world - but its benevolent sister, mercy, must also find a place among us again.
Perform an act of grace and release our prisoners! In doing so, you will erect a monument of greatness for eternity. At the very least, when everything that this republic calls great and noble has long since sunk into the mould of history, German children will be able to learn in German schools: the President of the Reich, von Hindenburg, blessed his old age on his 80th birthday by giving youth back to life!
That will certainly not be one of the least of your great deeds!”

“In the Reichstag”

619 „Dieſes Elend iſt nicht mehr mitanzuſehen; ich werde eine fulminante Rede darauf halten.“

The Parliamentarian

Text: “This misery can no longer be tolerated; I will give a powerful speech on the matter.”

“A large portal leads into the hallowed halls. Above the portal is the joke: ‘To the German people!’ Fun is a must!

Up thick red carpets, up stairs, past halls and conference rooms; inside, the so-called representatives are up to their mischief. A large lobby serves to aid digestion, and next to it are corridors with long rows of club chairs - one of the many opportunities to nod off for a quarter of an hour.
Nodding is a very delicate way of putting it, by the way; if you walk through these corridors in the afternoon, you will hear the soothing, non-partisan snoring of our German representatives, who are resting here from their heavy service to the fatherland; it is one of the few places where daily politics is silent and Morpheus wields his peaceful scepter. Photography and filming are prohibited in the Reichstag; anyone who has ever wandered around these corridors as a layman knows why.

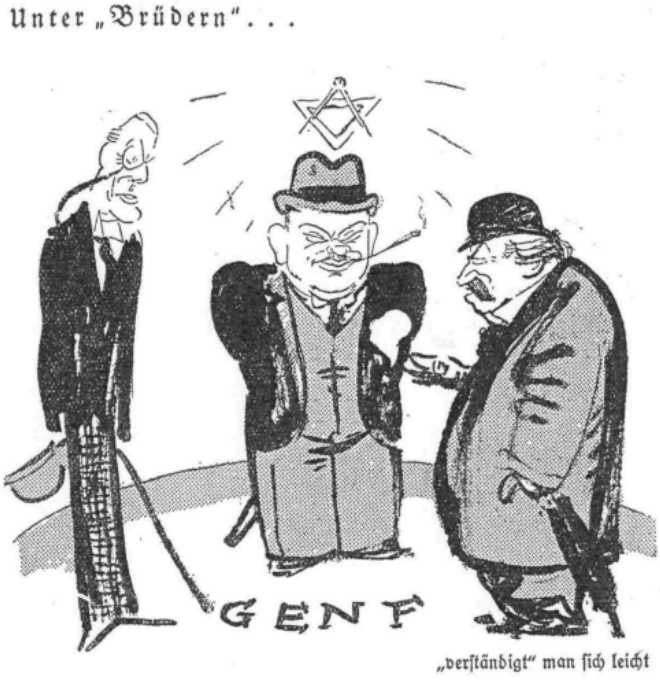
Many doors lead into the plenary chamber; plenum means ‘full’ in German. Why is the plenary chamber called a plenum, who knows? It used to be called the session hall because people usually sat in it, but since then, almost no one sits in it anymore—unless Gustav Stresemann is speaking—so it's called the plenary chamber. Perhaps this term only became established after Adolf Hoffmann's interjection, which was as unparliamentary as it was true: “Mr. Bresadent, there's a ‘Besoffener’ in the chamber!”
Since Mr. Löbe wields the scepter and Otto Hörsing is of his ilk, this interjection has been covered with a cloak of love - what better could one have done?

In the plenary session, the members of parliament speak, and they speak the famous speeches out the window. The speeches are more beautiful when you read them than when you hear them - that's why no one wants to hear them. Even the members of parliament usually make escape plans during the speeches. If the speaker makes it really bad, then the Reichstag restaurant is an asylum for all defectors. The restaurant is a good opportunity to convert their salaries into beefsteaks, Fürst-Pückler ice cream, and Rhine wine; it's surprising that the plenary chamber isn't called ‘the restaurant’ and the restaurant isn't called the ‘plenary chamber’. In the plenary chamber, the tormented and harried representatives of the people dine to relieve their digestive problems; it's also one of the many opportunities to nod off for a quarter of an hour.
In the restaurant, the members of parliament sit separately according to their parties, though that doesn't spoil their appetite - the communist enjoys his Wiener schnitzel just as much as the German nationalist enjoys his pork chop. After fortifying themselves, both tighten their helmets and march off to new battles of words.
This sometimes goes on late into the night, and strangely enough, most of them thrive in this service to their country.

The worst time for a member of parliament is the six weeks before an election; then he has to travel around the country and talk about his worldview and such things. He doesn't take it too seriously, but sometimes he speaks to people who take it very seriously; fortunately, most of them are very forgetful, so the candidate can change his worldview as often as he changes his shirt. He must not reveal his true feelings either, lest he would probably be beaten up, most likely by those who shout the loudest today; that's why he talks about the freedom of the people and really means calico; that's why he calls on others to work while he himself is rolling in the money; that's why he sings “Deutschland, Deutschland über alles!” and hums on his way home: “Yes, I am clever and wise.”
But this terrible time of elections will also pass, and then the days of roses will begin again; the representative of the people will pack his suitcase and travel first class to Berlin, where he will then put on his most seductive augur's smile and strut into the high house with his head held high.

The flag flutters at the top of the gable—not at half-mast, surprisingly. There is no reason to complain as long as the wine tastes good and the sweet rabble stays outside the restricted area - that is his flag, his proud flag! He stands up for this flag with his whole being, everywhere and always, wherever danger is far away. At the sight of it he puffs out his chest in proud awareness: “It is not necessary for Germany to live; but it is necessary for the people to do their duty to me!”

“Justav”



“Among brothers…

Bottom center: Geneva

Text: …it's easy to come to an understanding.”

“In the middle of the ocean, surrounded by waves, lies a lonely island called Nenta. In ancient times, two tribes lived on this island, which had grown up in eternal war with each other - one had cunning negotiators, the other brave soldiers. The Mani, who lived in the north of the island, were superior in strength and passionate will; the Anzi, who populated the south, were great in gallantry and grace.
The good Lord liked the magnificent physical strength of the Mani better, and so he decided that the Mani should rule the island; but as strong as the Mani were with their fists, they were sometimes weak in the head, which made them spit on their own homeland, strip it of its most glorious adornments of honor and bravery, and allowed the Anzi to send messengers to their country and fill the people with resentment. When the Mani, despite all divine warnings, refused to see reason, the ruler of all things punished them with a state official named Sema - so began a time of great suffering for the Mani.

Sema was from a poor family, but he quickly mastered the art of speech, skillfully navigating all the schools of political sophistication, became great at making empty promises, and understood business like no other. He swiftly climbed the ladder of dubious success, and soon he had a bank account which, for the sake of simplicity, since his name was Sema, was called Account S. That was how it began - it is usually not a long way from a bank account to a ministerial chair. Sema traversed it with somnambulistic certainty; suddenly he was at the top, and no one knew how.

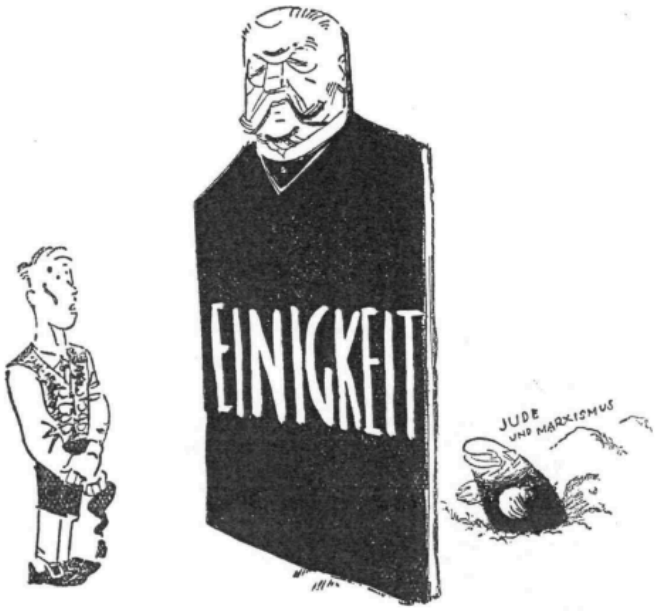
The people of Mani were engaged in fierce fighting; they had to defend themselves against the Anzi's lust for plunder in a terrible struggle. What could be more natural than for Sema to blow the horn of resistance? But when things went wrong—evil people claimed that they had to and would go wrong, as Sema had taken them in hand—he quickly jumped over to the other side and made peace. From then on, his great rise began.
He knew as well as all the Mani that the enmity between the two tribes was eternal and would remain so. The chronicles do not reveal why he nevertheless believed in peace - they only report that S.'s account grew and grew.
He concluded treaties with the Anzi that led the Mani into slavery for half a century - men, women, old people, and children alike; now had to perform corvée labor, and no one was spared. Only one prospered from it all: Sema - he sold land to the Mani for a lentil dish, and then claimed that this was an elementary event.

Sometimes the Mani came to him in large crowds, and then they clenched their fists and threatened:
“You, Sema, you are well off, but we are hungry! Give us food!”
Then Sema laughed and said:
“It only seems that way - you’re actually getting better and better!”
At first, the Mani were satisfied with this - but when hunger once again wielded its whip over their heads, they clenched their fists again and shouted at Sema's door:
“Open up, you're making fools of us! We'll settle the score with you!”
Then Sema stepped out, smiling and full of grace, swaying his hips, and from his eloquent mouth came the words:
“You fools! Can't you wait? Don't you see the silver streak on the horizon?”
And secretly he had sent his scouts into the crowd. They now cried out:
“Yes, Sema, we see him. Long live Sema! He is leading us to a better future!”
And then the people went home, grumbling unwillingly.
But Sema prayed to himself:
“Give them their daily illusion today!”
So it went on week after week, month after month, and year after year.

Time rolled on - the Mani grew poorer and poorer and the Anzi more and more arrogant. Finally, it seemed unbearable, and one of the young Mani stood up and proclaimed:
“We young men have defended the land of the Mani with our blood; how many lie out there buried in the sand? They all died for the freedom of their homeland. We were there too, we saw some of them fall; we didn't even cry, because we knew it was for freedom. And where was Sema at that time? At home - he was keeping warm and getting fat while we were freezing, starving, and dying. Down with him from the throne! We want to be led by someone who loves the land of Mani and who will defend it with his life if necessary."
And all the young Mani shouted hurrah! They lifted this son of the people onto their shields, and there they saw that he was covered with wounds. With a loud voice he cried:
“These wounds were inflicted on me by the people of Anzi. They do not want peace; they want us to be their slaves forever. As this chest is torn by wounds, so the land of Mani bleeds!”
And then they went to Sema's house and cried: “Come out!”
But Sema was already far away.

The young men then liberated the land of the Mani, and the good Lord blessed their weapons."

“Hindenburg”



Unity

“On October 2nd, 1927, Field Marshal von Hindenburg celebrated his 80th birthday - while the entire front cheered the elderly field marshal and president of the republic and everyone claimed him and his world-historical deeds for themselves, we stood aside, rifles at the ready, looking back and looking ahead, without hatred and without passion, useful to the German people and ruthless towards others, whether they stood above or below us.

In October 1918, Ludendorff took his leave; he had to capitulate to the intrigues at court, to the signs of disintegration in his own camp, and to the lack of courage shown by the highest authorities toward the destroyers of the fatherland. He had good reason to believe that the field marshal would stand by his side; the two men had shared four years of worry and success; perhaps not entirely as justice would have demanded. But be that as it may! The general had stood by the field marshal, but the field marshal did not stand by the general - they called it perseverance at the front.

In November 1918, an incompetent monarch faced the most difficult decision of his life - return home and perhaps die, or flee and live. He relied on his advisors; Hindenburg urged him to desert - this was called vassal loyalty. Meanwhile, the so-called People's Representative Fritz Ebert fought with the desperation and tenacity of a party secretary for power in the chaos.
The last pillar of this republic was already wavering, and on the horizon flashed the lightning of an uprising based on the sharp swords of betrayed front-line soldiers; Hindenburg placed himself at the disposal of this government, which Cardinal Faulhaber once said had been created “through perjury and treason” - Fritz Ebert had triumphed. They called it: Misfortune!

In April 1925, the Field Marshal was elected President of the Reich; his election was marked by the conflict between national honor and international degradation. On the side of the commander were the

front-line soldiers, and against him were the Jews and their servants; the front-line soldiers did their duty to Hindenburg, as they had done for four years, allowing their heads to be bashed in for the aged field marshal, praised him as the savior against cowardly slander by the asphalt press, and the German people voted by an overwhelming majority:

Against this republic! For honor, tradition, and the future!
Against corruption and exploitation! For peace, which stands by the sword!
Against arbitrariness and terror! For justice!
Honor, tradition, future, sword, and justice—that was Hindenburg to us.

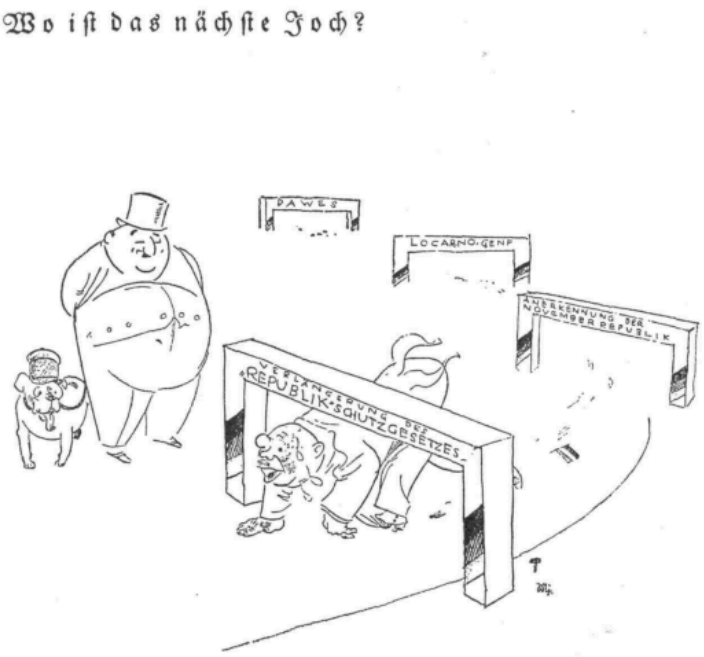
After the election, the new Reich President dismissed the staff who had worked for Ebert, swore his oath to the black, red, and gold, stabilized the already faltering Weimar Republic with the historical force of his granite personality, knew nothing more of a just revaluation, remained silent about the shame that was inflicted daily on the victims of the war through hunger and scorn. He no longer thought about the fact that dozens of National Socialists were sitting in German prisons, whose comrades had made his election possible, not least so that their tolerant friends could be freed from the lead chambers of the republic, where they had been locked up by class justice administered by Jews and Jewish lackeys; he said yes and amen to everything and finally forbade the flag to be displayed at his receptions, the flag carried by those brave young men who had risked their lives for him when he was elected Reich President, and instead welcomed all the more warmly the colors whose bearers had once showered him with shame and scorn, calling him a bloodhound, mass murderer, criminal of the proletariat, and worse. And people said that Hindenburg had once again sacrificed himself for the German people!

When the great field marshal traveled to Bavaria shortly thereafter, he announced his visit to his comrade-in-arms Erich Ludendorff. Ludendorff let him know that he was delighted by his visit and asked him to remember the day of Tannenberg. The telegraph wires between Berlin and Munich were already buzzing - and then Hindenburg abruptly canceled - this they called bowing to the realities of realpolitik out of deeper insight!

Hindenburg is the embodiment of German loyalty! So they say. But I ask you: To whom is he loyal? To the German people, or rather to a cold, rigid dogma, a dead concept, a formula?
There is no agreement between good and evil. Good will always prevail - and that is the tragedy of Hindenburg.

Cry out your indignation to the world:
What is true must remain true!
This is not about Hindenburg!
This is about our people! About Germany!”

“Black, White, and Red Moneybags”



“Where’s the nearest yoke?”

Crossbars: Dawes, Locarno-Geneva, Recognition of the November Republic, Extension of the “Republic Protection Act”

“Black, white, and red is the slogan; the national philistine pins his Order of the Eagle on his chest, swollen with male pride, hangs out the old proud flag, far away from the red terror, enjoys his life in beauty and dignity, glances searchingly into the gray, foggy Sunday sky to see if it might not start to rain after all, pulls his freshly brushed fear cap over his bald skull, and then, looking cautiously ahead and behind him to ensure a quick and bloodless retreat, hurries off to the national rally.
For the monarchy and against Versailles, for the proud times of the past and against the republic, for revaluation and against Marxism! That is to say, it is by no means as dangerous as it sounds; Gottlieb Müller only goes into politics when the authorities have no objection and his thrice-holy life appears to be secure a hundredfold.

When the Stahlhelm and Jungdo form a guard of honor, Gottlieb Müller also steps forward for the emperor and the empire. Those were the days: tears come to his wine-red eyes when he thinks of them. His Majesty led the German people into glorious times, and amid the cheers of the limited minds of his subjects, works of culture were built for eternity, such as the Siegesallee, the Socialist Law, and: ‘Peoples of Europe, preserve your most sacred goods’[14]. In the evenings, free from worries about the fatherland, people went to play skat, and on the way home, fueled by alcohol, they sang “Heil Dir im Siegerkranz” (‘Hail to You in the Victor's Wreath’); the blue Hermandad[15] knew what was in the best interests of the

[14] A warning given by Kaiser Wilhelm II in 1895, related to the Yellow Peril.
[15] Spanish word for brotherhood.

fatherland and turned a blind eye. What a joy it was to live! Germany, Germany above all! That would be laughable.
And today! Today? Everything is over in Germany, and Gottlieb Müller no longer takes any pleasure in politics; people hardly go to play skat anymore because they are so worried about their money. And 'Heil Dir im Siegerkranz!' What prole would risk having his head smashed in for whistling such a tune?

Gottlieb Müller is an idealist - he remains black, white, and red in his heart, even if he has had to stand on the more comfortable ground of reality in his office. At home, he is staunchly nationalistic; to hell with it! How could he not be? The past, the proud past! Admittedly, in office he adds a little yellow to his politics - black, white, red, and yellow for office, and kowtow, you rabble, when the party secretary, who now sits enthroned above you as president, asks about your political convictions. Convictions! What does conviction mean? A Gottlieb Müller cannot afford the luxury of convictions; you are politically neutral when you encounter resistance, that way you don't rub anyone the wrong way and don't need to get annoyed with others who do have convictions! Having convictions is the prerogative of party secretaries. After all, you have to defend your convictions. But with intellectual weapons, oh dear God! A Müller of his ilk is for intellectual beverages, not intellectual weapons - and certainly not with his fists! I'll end up fighting over politics - no, no! A Gottlieb Müller leaves that to the Reds, while he himself maintains dignity and decency. Do you really think we German citizens don't know what's proper? A straight posture is proper; a backbone as hard as granite that never bends, except to a superior or his ideological snitch. But otherwise! Upright, proud, staunchly nationalistic, German to the bone, staunchly loyal, with a heart of gold.

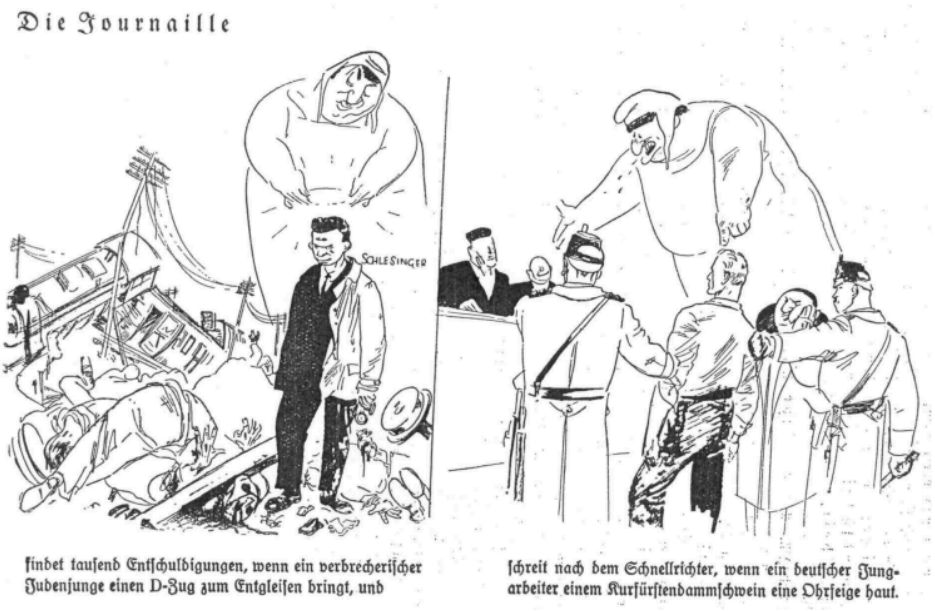
Gottlieb Müller, you miserable shopkeep's soul of ideological rabble! You have degraded the sacred flag under which two million died to a party flag; you use it to line your money bags and claim that this is national; you say fatherland and really mean percentages - you are a profiteer of patriotism. If today hundreds of thousands and millions want nothing more to do with a fatherland called Germany, you, Gottlieb Müller, bear the blame - it is not a fatherland that you mean, but a domain of profit and privilege; it is not Germany that you have lost, but the opportunity to adorn your swollen chest with medals, to bow down to those above you and to bully those below you; it is not Versailles that weighs on you, but universal suffrage; it is not a country under the cross that cries out for vengeance in you, but rotten papers that were rejected too late and unappreciated brown thousand-mark notes. Because your opponents decorate their money bags with new colors, you drape your old, glory-covered colors over yours; when the other says world peace, you stand up in indignation, lay your fat right hand on your well-fed chest and protest: "Fatherland!" - but your fatherland is coal stocks and percentages.

Shake hands, Gottlieb Müller and Isidor Goldstein - 'par nobile fratrum'[16]. You have nothing to reproach each other for - the white Jew and the black Jew! At their core, they are one and the same type, though only you, Gottlieb Müller, are even worse, because you act against your people, because you go against your better instincts and clearer knowledge, and you help to enslave your tormented people; you commit a sin against the spirit, while the other merely obeys his predatory instincts, for which he will one day receive his deserved punishment, as he swears to God - you, Gottlieb Müller, are sinning against your own flesh and blood. You are truly the gravedigger of your people, and if you were not, how easy it would be to settle accounts with the Jews!

[16] Latin for "a noble pair of brothers."

You stand in our way - too cowardly to act yourself, even if only out of self-interest, you are not even cowardly enough to let those who act, act. You stab him in the back and repeatedly drive the German knife into his neck! A subject of baseness and cowardly submission, in a time where fists should speak! Gottlieb Müller! Archetype of German narrow-mindedness! Eternal Michel and grail-guarding moneybags in black, white, and red! Hurrah!!!”

“People, Be Human!”


Die Journaille
SCHLESINGER
findet tausend Entschuldigungen, wenn ein verbrecherischer Judenjunge einen D-Zug zum Entgleisen bringt, und
schreit nach dem Schnellrichter, wenn ein deutscher Jungarbeiter einem Kurfürstendammschwein eine Ohrfeige haut.

“The Press

Character pictured left: Schlesinger

Text, left: will find a thousand excuses when a criminal Jewish boy derails an express train, and

Text, right: cries for summary justice when a young German worker slaps a Kurfürstendamm pig.”

“Three German proletarians, front-line soldiers, return home tired after work in the evening; their route takes them from the bleak, empty concrete wasteland of the East to the Kurfürstendamm, which is aglow with a thousand lights and reflections. The evening sky hangs heavy and gray above them, and their footsteps fall evenly and heavily on the bare asphalt; they look bitterly at all the splendor. Jews stroll up and down the sidewalks, with blonde German girls on their arms, and when one of the working-class men accidentally touches with his shoulder a round, fat son of the desert people, dressed in lacquer and perfume, the boy breathes on him as if he were the master of this city and the other, the working-class man, his servant and slave. What was he thinking - didn't he know that he was only tolerated here because of his appearance; why didn't he stay out in the East, and why did he even come here to disturb the glamour and splendour of the West with his mere existence? With that, the proletarian takes his handwritten note and presses his business card into the Hebrew's face in a way that leaves no room for misunderstanding.
That is the background.

And now you're in for it - a crowd gathers, there are protests, accusations, police, police! The green-uniformed officer is on the scene in a matter of seconds, and an arrest is made amid the cheers of the crowd. Dubious ladies scream that their whole business is being ruined, customers grin - the proletarian is led away with the charge of breaching the peace, with the sentence of one year in prison. Beating up harmless passers-by - an unbelievable act of terrorism, met with cries of ‘pogrom’ in Berlin

W, protest rallies, and the life story of the severely abused man in the papers, with photographs of his simple heroism; an appeal of the “Central Association of German Citizens of the Jewish Faith” is then given, and all prominent figures and all aspiring celebrities sign it with a kiss on the hand. It burns brightly on all the billboards:

People, be human!

If you slap a Jew on the Kurfürstendamm, that's considered a pogrom in Nowawes; if the Jew sees that things are getting serious, he immediately goes on the run, and when all is lost, we humans, that is, we plundered Germans, are supposed to be humane.

People, be human!

We take up the call:

Be human and stop standing idly by while a horde of Asian freebooters descends on a defenseless people, robs them of everything they have, and then sneers and spits on those they have betrayed; be human and no longer tolerate your tormentors building their palaces in your midst while you live in holes and caves. Millions of war cripples, widows, and orphans are starving, freezing, and no one talks about them; the little people have had their savings stolen from their pockets and are now left to ruin with a cold smile. German workers can't find work in their own country; they are offered beggars' pennies, too little to live on and too much to die on; when people get tired of them, they are driven away and treated as if they no longer existed, their children neglected and destitute; they have no clothes on their backs. Their mothers must send them to school in the morning without bread, and at noon they know even less how to feed their hungry mouths; beautiful blond boys become malnourished, consumptive cripples, and their future is marked by illness, infirmity, misery, hunger, and crime; German girls are literally forced onto the path of vice, and the Jew smiles as he takes his cheap prey. Children cry for bread, fathers rumble in dull despair, and mothers have long since forgotten how to cry; meanwhile, the exuberance of the robber barons dances on the fermenting volcano, and there will be a terrible end.

People, be human!

Blow out the lights of dancing happiness and admit to yourselves that things cannot go on like this: an entire people is dying. Open your eyes and see how close you are to the abyss; no god or devil will help you if you do not help yourselves.
Michel, wake up!
Your enemy is emptying your pockets with a grin; it won't be long before you're left with nothing. Wake up and be careful not to clash with those who mean well; don't beat up the messenger.
It's time! It's time!
Signs of distress are in the sky!
You have slept long enough.
Your destroyer knows what will happen when you wake up; that is why, in the foreboding of his abysmal guilt, he cries out:

People, be human!

All of you who have been lied to and betrayed: Wake up! The night is over!
We call out to you:

Germans, be German!”

“Around the Memorial Church”

“This is Berlin W:

Thousands upon thousands of banners spew a flood of light into the gray evening, illuminating the Kurfürstendamm so brightly that it is almost like daytime; trams ring their bells, buses rattle and honk their horns as they rush by, packed with people, people everywhere; taxis and elegant private limousines hum along in long lines over the mirror-smooth asphalt.
Red, yellow, and green traffic lights stop and start the flow of traffic, and in the middle of all the hustle and bustle stands the policeman, allowing the black walls of people at the sides of the street to cross from one side to the other. A cacophony of voices assaults the ears, threatening to overwhelm the unaccustomed visitor at any moment; in front of the large movie theaters, the latest hits of the season shine bright red: ‘Killed by Life,’ ‘The Girl from Tauentzien,’ ‘Just One Night.’ The scent of heavy perfume wafts by; cocottes smile from the elaborate pastel paintings of modern women's faces; so-called men stroll up and down, monocles glinting; fake and real gemstones sparkle. All the languages of the world reach the ears - the yellow Indian walks silently beside the talkative Saxon; an Englishman curses and elbows his way through the crowd, and drowning out all the noise, a frozen newspaper seller shouts out the evening's tabloids, fresh off the press.

In the midst of this hustle and bustle of the cosmopolitan city, the Gedächtniskirche (Memorial Church) stretches its slender spires into the gray evening; it is foreign in this noisy life. Like a frozen anachronism, it mourns between the cafes and cabarets, letting the buzzing cars glide around its stone body and calmly and timidly marking the hours of sin and decay. People walk around it who have perhaps never looked up at its towers.

Flanked by the snob in fur coat and patent leather, the lady of the world, garçonne from head to toe, with monocle and smoking cigarette, they stumble along the sidewalks and disappear into one of the thousand places of intoxication and poison that send their screaming lights enticingly into the evening.

This is Berlin W! The heart of this city, set in stone; here, in the niches and corners of cafes, in cabarets and bars, in Soviet theaters and bel étages, the intellectualism of asphalt democracy sits side by side; here, here is where the politics of 60 million hard-working German people are made; here, people give and receive the latest stock market and theater tips; here, people engage in politics, images, Kux shares, stocks, love, film, theater, government, and welfare. The Memorial Church never stands alone - from day to night, it merges seamlessly into the night, and night becomes day without a moment of silence around it. Every week, a new one stands among those who go down, tears the twinkling stars from the sky with his mouth, is applauded and cheered by the beastly audience, is written about in the newspapers, is the coming man, le dernier cri, and then sinks back into the night.

The eternal repetition of decay and decomposition, of a lack of genius and true creative power, of inner emptiness and desolation, glossed over with the talcum powder of a zeitgeist that has sunk to the most disgusting level of sham culture: that is what drives its essence and mischief around the Gedächtniskirche. One would so much like to believe that it is the elite of the people who are stealing day and night from the dear Lord of Tauentzien - but it is only the Israelites. This felted rabble plays at being jeunesse dorée[17], and yet the sticky Ponim, recognizable to anyone in the know, tells us that it is only the jeunesse isidorée. Here, the German people are strangers and superfluous. One almost stands out when speaking the language of the country. ‘Paneuropa’, ‘Internationale’, jazz, France, and Piscator are the watchwords.

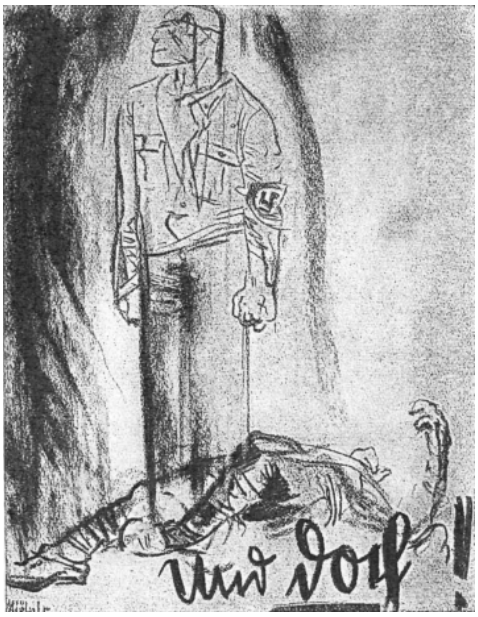
“‘Die Freundin’[18], old number, only ten pfennigs!” shouts a resourceful peddler; not one of the passers-by thinks that this is out of place. It is not out of place at all. This man knows the milieu.

Berlin W is the abscess on this giant city of diligence and bustle; what those in the north work for, those in the west squander; four million people create life and bread in this stone desert, and above them sit a few hundred thousand drones who squander their diligence and turn it into sin, vice, and decay.
The Kurfürstendamm cries out loudly when you step on the shoes of one of these bloodsuckers; when you do, humanity is in danger. You can't stand to see anyone there—if they're in the business. Laughing, they carry an entire people to their graves.

This is not the real Berlin - that is sitting elsewhere, waiting, hoping, struggling; it is beginning to recognize the Judas who is selling and bargaining away our people for thirty pieces of silver.
The other Berlin lies in wait, ready to pounce; day and night, several thousand people work so that one day will come; when it does, that day will smash the place of decay around the Memorial Church, reshape it, and then reintegrate it into a resurrected people. The Day of Judgment! It will be the day of freedom.”

[17] French for a fashionable, wealthy young person.
[18] “Die Freundin” was a popular Weimar lesbian magazine, a world first.

“We Remember the Dead!”



“A heavy November day hangs over Germany - the summer sun has faded, autumn has begun, and behind it stands the relentless cruelty of winter.
Night falls on the German people! The bustling chatter of peace, freedom, and bread gives way to an awkward silence, and behind this silence lies the naked, raw fear of things to come. Nine years ago, the most social republic in the world was born; not, as is usually the case with young states, amid the din of battle, to the thunder of cannons, welcomed and cheered by a liberated people, but amid the shots fired by traitors who, for the sake of world peace, turned brother against brother, amidst the crackling of rifles fired by cowardly deserters, unhindered by a people who had sacrificed their best sons and now, tired and bloodied, let things take their course.
That's how it was! Yes, that's how it was! And today is the anniversary - for the ninth time, we celebrate the birthday of the republic; even the actual fathers of this so-called state can no longer find any real joy in their child, as they argue about paternity; they all unanimously refuse to be held responsible for the madness of November 9th, 1918, and are content to stand on the comfortable golden ground of reality.
A plundered, bloodied people, starving, freezing children, mothers who have long since forgotten how to cry, sons who clench their fists in impotent rage, and fathers consumed by dull resentment: this is the life of beauty and dignity of which you have spoken so often and so eloquently.

In the screeching dance of death of a ragged people, a fanfare sounds - drums beat in, dull and heavy.
Caps off! We remember the dead!
We remember the two million who lie in the graves of Flanders and Poland.
We remember the thousands upon thousands of soldiers whom the boundless ocean has laid to rest in an eternal, restless grave.
We remember all those who fell from the skies, who died in the holes in the ground, who prayed their last amen below the sea, and who perished in thirst and agony under the scorching heat of the tropical sun.

We remember the soldiers of the German Revolution and all those who laid down their thrice-sacred lives on the altar of the future for the restoration of the Fatherland.
We remember the martyrs for a different empire, who sealed their unshakeable faith with their heart's blood.
We remember the daredevil men who, in the hour of our people's greatest shame, knowingly ran into the enemy's gunfire and collapsed with the cry: Long live the Fatherland!
Albert Leo Schlageter! We salute you!
Lower the flags and kneel down - may God give you the strength to hate and defy!

Under fluttering banners, a new youth with bright foreheads marches toward a different tomorrow; at the forefront is the coming nobility of courage and bravery, marching toward victory or death. The die is cast for death - sixteen German workers and students, taken from the highest heights and the deepest depths of the people, chosen by God as symbols, are mowed down by the bullets of reaction from right and left and stain the pavement red with their blood for a better future. Do not hold back your tears! Tell them to command their hands to become clenched fists, and raise these fists, these working fists, high and swear by God and all that is holy to you:

We will not forget you!
Our thanks shall be revenge!
Our day will come!

We remember the dead whom fate takes from us every year as a pledge of our victory; the unknown brown soldier raises the flag with the black cross on bloody red and silently points the way of duty. Sacrifice and blood were always the driving forces behind the final triumph.

Comrades! One year has passed; a new year begins.
We remember the dead with pain and joy! Know this: fate has decreed that we must endure hardship and suffering unlike anything we have ever known; we will have to drink the cup of suffering to the dregs. Who knows: tomorrow it will be you, the day after tomorrow, me; the eternal judge, history, will take from our ranks those whom it needs for our glory, for our inspiration, for our will to act.
We do not mourn; we stand up and swear:
Retribution! Retribution! The day is dawning!
We salute you, our dead! Germany begins to shine anew in the dawn of your blood; we wrap the scarlet cloak of your devotion around these enslaved people, who even in their deepest misfortune have preserved their royal nobility in their best sons, in you.
Soldiers of the German Revolution! Fasten your helmets!
A fanfare sounds in the dance of death - drums beat in time, dull and heavy. It sounds and beats again from the air, and the army of the dead responds.
Let the marching rhythm of the brown battalions resound: To freedom! The army of the dead marches with you, storm soldiers, into a better future!”

“Murderers of Workers”

“The Solidarity of the Proletariat”

Text: …unless the proletarian happens not to share the prescribed Moscow opinion.

“‘Right at the start of the meeting, the class-conscious proletarians knew where this was going. The meeting leader declared in a military tone: “Shut your mouths! Anyone who doesn't toe the line will be thrown out! You red dogs will smell blood tonight!” At the end of the meeting, the fascist rabble attacked the workers present - but this murderous rabble had not reckoned with proletarians defending themselves with their fists when it came to the cause of Marxism; the murderers of workers suffered a bloody but deserved defeat."

This blooming madness is written by the “Rote Fahne” after weeks and months of inciting Mr. Severing's political children to the point of bloodshed, and then finally the accumulated hatred is violently unleashed, and their harmless readers and party followers storm the meeting of the fascist rabble, disrupting it with all sorts of mindless antics, only to end up smashing the skulls of the reactionary murderers for the greater glory of Judas; the “Berliner Tageblatt” then notes with satisfaction that “the workers” (the Berliner Tageblatt, as is well known, always stands up for “the workers” as long as they are led by Jews and shut down factories instead of burning down banks and stock exchange palaces) have finally put a short and inglorious end to the anti-Semitic specter; now, hopefully the nationalist thugs will probably run out of steam and stop inciting the different religious groups against each other (says the “Berliner Tageblatt”) and start preaching anti-Christian racial hatred instead. When the often beaten ones finally lose their patience, they declare frankly and freely that they too are workers - that’s where the Reds have red arms, they have liver sausage, and that next time they will sell their lives and health as dearly as possible. When

they turn words into deeds, when they defend themselves, and when a proletarian who wants to do exactly the same thing to someone who is doing it to him out of necessity and desperation has his skull smashed in, then the entire Jewish press, from left to right, cries out: Fascist dogs! Innocent proletarian blood has been shed. Murderers of workers!

With all due respect! Who started the killing - you, or us? For sixty years your history has been nothing but a continuous chain of fratricide, terror, deceit, and cowardice; where has it ever been seen that ten of you stood up to ten of us and, when necessary, fought with your fists for a different worldview! Hasn't it always been the case that a hundred of you ambushed one of us, beat him bloody, trampled his face into a pulp, cowardly stabbed him in the chest with the dagger of treachery, only to later play the innocent, the uninvolved, the honest, the non-party member in court? Marxism is murder in and of itself. Genocide! Fratricide! It is sustained only by blood and terror; it cannot defend its madness intellectually; that is why it uses the millions of fists of the proletariat to march its flourishing madness against the peoples. It took the sophistical insolence of the Jew, the boundless cowardice of the philistine, and the narrow-minded stupidity of the proletarian to turn things upside down like this.
All men are equal! you cry - and then you breed crime, madness, and terror among yourselves. All men are good! you cry - and then you stand on two million corpses in Russia, feed on the blood of your brothers, and show yourselves as true beasts in human form. There is no torment or torture that you are not prepared to inflict on your fellow countrymen if they profess a different political belief than you - and yet you preach world peace, world brotherhood, and a life in beauty and dignity.
Weapons! Weapons! The rabble has weapons! you cry. Damn right we do! Do you think we would let you beat us down in the street like mangy dogs, tipping our hats and smiling kindly: thank you, brother proletarian? Weapons! Do you yourselves perhaps run around with palm fronds and holy water sprinklers?
Is it worthy of a proletarian to strike down his enemy and demand that he die with joy and a kiss on the hand? Do you believe that the cause of the working class can win if you advance it through cowardice, murder, and baseness? No one will believe in your hypocritical ‘never again’ if you yourselves unleash the bloodiest, most ruthless civil war in your own country - make no mistake! We do not credit you with the good will that you so readily claim when we are on equal footing: no honest German proletarian acts as you do; that is how pimps, robbers, marauders, and criminals act. That is not the cause of the proletariat, which you claim to represent; that is the cause of the rabble, the rabble. And when you say socialism, gentlemen, we know you: You must be spoken to in bold type! A rough block deserves a rough wedge!

It is not we who are murderers of workers, because it was you who started the killing; today you can only hold on because your so-called worldview is a license for all kinds of dirty work by the most cowardly and miserable rabble.
We throw your hypocritical cry of distress back in your faces: murderers of workers! Murderers of workers! And more than that: murderers of freedom! Servants of the Jews! Murderers of the people!
An honest German proletarian has nothing to do with you; he spits at you and says: "Damn you all!”

“Hail Moscow!”

Visual Instruction

Text: “The National Socialist: ‘You're amazed, aren't you! You never wanted to believe us.’”

“In Köpenick, after the tenth anniversary of the Russian Revolution, three young Berlin communists shot themselves after bidding a touching farewell to their relatives, explaining to them coolly and matter-of-factly that they have lost all hope for the future of the International; it is said of the German communist leader Ernst Thälmann that, during the Hamburg uprising, he lay drunk as a skunk, surrounded by sausage ends, in his own vomit. A few weeks ago, a meeting of the opposition to the KPD took place in Berlin-Wedding, at which Ruth Fischer called for a fight against the Third International; when a representative of the KPD tried to speak, he was shouted down by his former comrades and finally unceremoniously carried out into the fresh air. The whole thing ended in a solemn mass brawl.
In Moscow, the tenth anniversary of the Russian Revolution is being celebrated. In front of guests of honor who have flocked from all over the world to pay homage to the Moscow state principle - the opposition against the workers' and peasants' government storms the streets, disrupts their parades, breaks up festive gatherings, and finally takes violent possession of the university. The end of love is that twelve leading Bolsheviks, the old guard, almost exclusively Jews, are expelled from the Communist Party.

What does it all mean?

The Third International is on the verge of historic collapse; where it still holds its ground, it is only through the bloody terror of its leaders or the almost proverbial stupidity and narrow-mindedness of its followers - but even there, the dawn is breaking.
The day is coming! The smoke and fog of rhetoric are disappearing, leaving behind a disgusting remnant of pathetic fantasies, none of which, not a single one, has been turned into historical reality; the proletariat, especially the German proletariat, is poorer by one, perhaps its last, hope. Marx has played his

last card; now nature has the floor again and is relentlessly, tenaciously, and cruelly asserting its eternal rights: the law of personality, of struggle, and of race.

Did it have to come to this?
Yes, a thousand times yes!

It was to be expected, and nothing else; we have prophesied a hundred times what is happening today in world Bolshevism - wherever the Jew speaks, the people must beware. The Jew is rootless, the ferment of decomposition; he lives off the collapse of peoples, whether he adorns himself with borrowed capitalism or Bolshevism. He remains himself in every form: Ahasver[19], the eternal destroyer.
His gospel is chaos, and wherever he senses revolt, he immediately rises to the top. He has made the labor movement what it is today, in its most pitiful excesses: a mixture of rhetoric, cowardice, terror, and class hatred. What does the cause of the proletariat have to do with pacifism, with protecting the republic, with devaluing the concept of personality, with destroying national dignity and honor; where is it written that utopias, wishes, programs, and books rule the world, and not rather power and facts; why did you demonstrate for the national freedom of oppressed colonial peoples and forget that Germany is a province of money; why did you shout, "China for the Chinese!" and cowardly acquiesce as the Jews wrested Germany piece by piece from your hands and conquered it in a tough fight for world monetary dictatorship? Now you cry in reaction when people talk about the lost fatherland; now you smell treason when people call things by their name; now you stubbornly and stupidly continue to run into your own misfortune, and in the end you will be left with nothing but despair and a pistol.

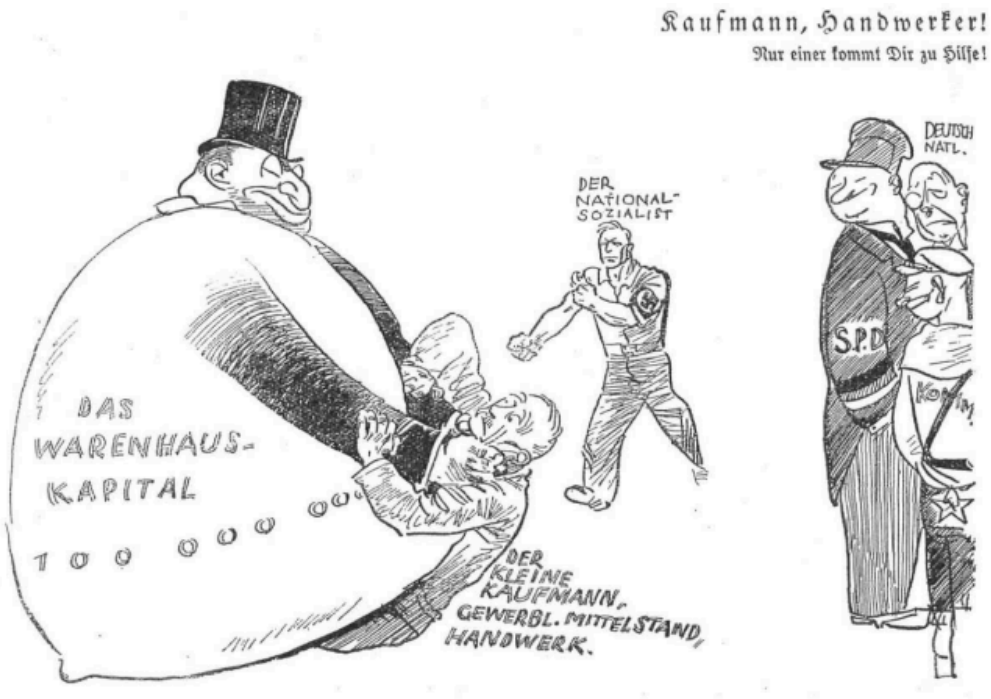
Hail Moscow! How often you shouted it, and a whole world of longing, of faith and sacrificial courage lay in that cry! It was a cry of distress, an accusation, a prayer, and a demand. At every hour you were ready to give your warm, red blood for this cry - and what did you get in return? One slap after another, delivered by a maiden named History: the German revolution lost across the board; in Russia, after ten years of horrific murder, turmoil, revolt, and destruction; among all peoples, lost homelands, overthrown dynasties, and newly established stock market monarchies; mocking, fat worker leaders who cook a rich soup from your bones and then sit down to dinner with your tormentors.
Do not say that the first, second, or third International is to blame. Found a new one, a fourth - it will betray you just as its three predecessors did.
The International itself is wrong; it is conceived, not experienced.
The Jew preaches it to you because it is the last means of keeping him in power; it has destroyed nations, destroyed races; it pits blood brothers against blood brothers, murders and poisons the community, sows discord among nations, and above it all triumphs, laughing scornfully, your enemy, our enemy: the eternal Jew!
You stand on heaps of corpses; the smell of blood rises around you. Children accuse you, mothers weep, the people are on the brink of destruction! And what have you achieved: nothing but chaos, hopelessness, hunger, and despair!

Is this how it will remain?
No! The savior has already risen; the first beacon of freedom is blazing in the sky; the peoples are awakening from a deep sleep. A new breath is sweeping through the land: the day is coming!

[19] A name for the "Wandering Jew", a legendary European character meant to represent the Jewish people.

Stand up and demand: A Germany that belongs to you and that is free from the chains of the oppressed is the historic task of the German working class.
Freedom and bread! Shout this cry of accusation into the rotten world of capitalism!
Smash the empire of empty phrases! Dare to look the harsh reality in the eye!
Join hands, German workers! The day of freedom will come if you want it!
Adolf Hitler will show you the way!”

"The Christ Child at Tietz, A.-G.[20]"



Merchant, Craftsman!

Strangler: The department store chapter

Stranglee: The little merchant, small businessman, craftsman

Text: Only one will come to save you!

"It is evening, and the lights are shining brightly - Tietz is putting the Christmas trees in the shop windows. Giant banners shine through the windows: 'Christmas is coming. Buy early and buy well. O come, all ye faithful…' Outside, crowds of people are gathered on the sidewalks; the shining faces of children eagerly reflect all the glittering splendor; mothers in fur and silk promise their little tormentors mountains of gold for Christmas Eve, and here and there the anxious eyes of a modest proletarian child peek through the gaps in the crowd to catch at least a glimmer of what they will never be able to hold in their hands.

Soon, the broad stream of people rolls through the main entrance into the department store, pushing and shoving their way through the aisles in life-threatening crowds. On the tables and on the sides lies everything, absolutely everything that the human heart desires, from small everyday items to Persian carpets and automobiles - you don't buy cheaper, but you do buy worse than elsewhere. Here and there, among the regular merchandise, junk items are scattered around in a confusing array, and that's the least of it. You push your way through the walls of people for two hours, look and marvel and buy; buy until you've spent your last penny, buy until your back is tired from the weight of your purchases; helpfully, the

[20] The essay is describing the Tietz Department Store, which was owned by a Jewish family.

dapper Jewish boy behind the table tucks the last item under the buyer's arm, makes a smirking bow, and then Michel pushes his way out.

The Christ Child has stopped by Tietz, A.G.; there he has unloaded his gifts for the dear children; the department store Jew, obliging as always, takes over the distribution - for a hefty commission, of course! Nothing is free! The Christ Child must have his own taste, entrusting the distribution of his Christmas gifts to Wertheim and Karstadt of all places - or could it be that it doesn't know them at all, just as Michel doesn't know them when he picks up his gifts? With small surcharges, of course! Death is free! Or could it be that Michel only wants to pick them up at Tietz, A.G., and the Christ Child ultimately has to do as he wishes?
That's right! Yes, that's right! Michel has the shortest memory in the world. He never forgives his brother; with him, it's an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, forever. But he forgets his mortal enemy all the more readily; and he would probably fall from all the heavens if someone modestly pointed out to him that the ancestors of Tietz, A.G., did not like the dear little Christ Child as much during his lifetime as they would like to do business with him today; that it was one of their own who cried out before Pilate's house: ‘Give us Barrabas, but crucify him!’
That was a long time ago, says Michel - but not so long ago that you have forgotten the one who was crucified. Tietz, A.G., has not changed since then and will probably not change for all eternity; they want to make the murderer disappear so that they can do business with the murdered man; they take money out of our pockets and build their money strongholds right in the middle of us with our hard work. The flag of capital flutters proudly on the rooftops, and we donkeys, we fools, work diligently to build another Golgotha where they can crucify our truth all over again.

A few decades ago, Rabbi Wise wrote in the Jewish family newspaper “Debora” on the occasion of Christmas:

"It is fortunate that the crucified one came into the world; the old legend that he came from the Jews is still valid today. But let us reverse the order of things for a moment and say that the Jews owe the greatest profits of the year to the son of Mary: the shop windows look inviting, filled with the most beautiful and select items, and many a beautiful girl is made happy when the birthday of the ‘meek and humble’ one, who was born among donkeys and the like, arrives. Incidentally, it is far better to have Christmas than smallpox; and if only the Virgin had seen fit to give us another boy in the summer, so that we would have two Christmases, I would gladly have given her our Chinese."

That is how they still think today, Wise, Tietz, and Wertheim, A.G. - once they have our money, we need not worry about ridicule. It is not the Christ Child who has his own taste, but Michel himself who is stupid and stubborn; he only buys his presents from Tietz, A.G. “It's so convenient, and you can find everything there.” He could, of course, go to a small merchant or tradesman; he has his modest shop in the next street, as he cannot afford the rent in the center. He stands behind the counter in his deserted shop and waits for customers; it is the department store that keeps the stream of shoppers away. The German goes to the Jew, lets him fleece him mercilessly, and finds it almost insulting when someone quietly points out that the brother of the people is going under next to him.
The big man puffs himself up, and the little man is destroyed; in the Jewish palaces, arrogance dances, and in the homes of the little man, evening falls silent. We have all become so alien to one another. No

one feels anything anymore when a human life is destroyed next to them. Everyone thinks mercilessly: today you, tomorrow me. That is why we are all so miserable, why we are sliding downhill; why there will be a terrible end.

What kind of Christmas is this? Around New Year's, Tietz, A.G., will stick cuckoo clocks on the little man's business, and just as the trinkets we bought for our children will break, so will the prosperity of our people break under the plague breath of international Jewish capital.
The Christ Child is coming! Remember that! There are thousands upon thousands of small businesses in Berlin waiting for you! You are doing a good deed when you shop with them for the holidays - do it for yourselves, for them, and for the people!
Every penny you give to the Jews is a link in the chain of your slavery; from each of your shiny foxes, he forges golden nails with which he nails the eternal truth to the cross, just as he did two thousand years ago."

“Christmas Message”

“Holy Christmas Eve! Light the candles and listen:

Someone came into this world to bring peace; poor and unknown, he was born among shepherds and other humble people in the middle of winter, when snow covered the land and silver frost lay on trees and houses. It was a wonderful time - wars and uprisings ravaged the nations, and people despaired of justice. Then his mother gave birth to him and laid him in a manger.

But above him stood a star.

Emperors and kings hunted him, for they knew that he was noble game, that it was worth searching for him, and that if they did not catch him, he would one day be king of kings; they knew this, and that is why he had to die before he could bring disaster upon the wicked in his lifetime.

But above him stood a star.

He grew and became great, and when he came to understanding and speech, he began to speak of things that they all longed for in their hearts. Therefore they loved him and were devoted to him, and when he went, they followed him wherever his feet took him. More than the flow of wine, they were intoxicated by the majesty of his nobility, his bearing, his dignity, his proud modesty, and his shy strength; to all he was a model of goodness, love, and overflowing devotion.

You ask why the good called him Father and the wicked hated him?

The persecution grew as he grew greater and towered above them all - the God among the lowly, the savior of the poor, the comforter of the afflicted, the hope of the oppressed. His words were more than empty sounds; because he loved the afflicted, he hated the oppressors - once, when he came to the temple and saw how they had turned the house into a place of usury and trade, he went aside, took a whip, stood suddenly in the midst of them, trembling with holy anger, and overturned their tables, so that the dirty money rolled on the ground, and then he whipped them, a vengeful God, out of the house.
Then all the wicked men conspired against him, and they unanimously decided to seek his death; they accused him of disturbing peace and order, of preaching rebellion against the existing powers, of being a son of the devil, and of having come into the world only to cause trouble; the governor, however, found no fault in him, so they took him to be whipped, put a purple robe around his wounded, bleeding shoulders, placed a crown of thorns on his sorrow-stricken forehead, spat in his face, and said, 'Hail, King!'
Again they led him before the governor and cried, 'Give us Barabbas, but this man we want to crucify!' And since he could find no fault in him, he washed his hands in innocence and handed him over to death. Shouting, laughing, jeering, and whistling, they led him up the hill, crucified him, mocked him, and cried, 'Come down, if you can, you braggart who called yourself king!' until, after long torment, he bowed his head and died. The earth burst open at his death; the graves of the departed opened, and darkness covered the land.

We celebrate his day today. Tell the children who gaze with bright eyes at the flaming candles on the tree of lights: Winter is here again, and snow covers the land, and under his star stand the tax collectors and Pharisees, the merchants and money changers. Today they call out to him: 'Glory to God!', because he and his spirit have long since passed away. His teaching has already become the gospel of cowardly deceivers, and those who claim to follow him most are the most willing, today as in the past, to scourge and strike the eternal truth; today, beneath the tree of lights, they cry 'Glory,' and tomorrow their chorus will shout, 'Crucify!'
Never have the poor been so poor, and never have the rich been so insolent and arrogant as today, when the world pretends to stand under the sign of his star; never has pride danced so joyfully on the graves of the people, and never have the hands of indignation been so bound against distress and arrogance as they are now.

It is Christmas time - the lights you burn are candles of death. Misery is at the door. Tell the children, the glorious boys who stand before you: God will be with us! The fatherland is in danger! Who dares to defy you men! Wipe away your tears, you women! The hand of the Lord weighs heavily upon us - but we are to blame. We are to blame!
Praise Him on this day: The kingdom must come - fight! Do not despair!
Be strong and joyful in your faith! Preach and act! Blow out the lights when they try to make you cowardly and weary.
Arise and listen to the signs of the storm:
The Lord is passing through the land. He has great things in store for you - prepare yourselves! The world wants to see a miracle - ten years ago, at this hour of the night, the cannons of the great war thundered. Have you forgotten? Have you forgotten that your cannons had to be silenced first before you were forced to submit to the yoke? The yoke will not let you go unless you shake it off; make no mistake, the enemy is in your midst.

Therefore, prepare yourselves: the hour is near!
The day will come when one of you who has been standing aside will rise up; trembling with holy anger, he will overturn the merchants' tables, so that their dirty money will roll onto the ground. He will whip them out of his house like a vengeful god!”

“Into the New Year!”

Forward!

“Look back:
A year of struggle lies behind us - worry and hardship, prison and persecution were imposed on our ranks in abundance by a benevolent fate. If the value of a movement is measured by the degree of hatred it encounters from the destroyers of the German people, we can stand our ground.

We entered the year 1927 timidly; we all knew that it would demand great, almost superhuman things of us. But looking back, we can say with pride and satisfaction: we have endured! Fate has not defeated us! We have shown our teeth to the enemy wherever he has crept up and sought to shake our ranks. We have fought uprightly, tirelessly, and loyally. Not once has the persecution that has fallen upon us seen us small and cowardly.
The year 1927 was a year of ferment and clarification. The fronts have felt each other out; wherever there was strength in our opponents, it crumbled slowly but surely under our onslaught, and where it cannot yet see the way to us, it is slowly finding it with the inevitable certainty of a law of nature; because we carried our faith so clearly and uncompromisingly into the people, they are now beginning to believe in us again. For twelve months we have torn up the earth and thrown the young seeds into the brown soil; many a sower went out and scattered the seed - and now the earth is beginning to sprout. The wind is favorable, and the harvest is approaching; never before have the stars in the sky seen a young generation so full of courage, faith, and confidence. We have prevailed! God's hand was upon us!

Look ahead:
A year of struggle lies before us - those who stand in rank and file know what is at stake. Everything! Everything! What we once sensed and felt, we now know and can say; we step forward, relying on ourselves and ourselves alone, to strike the decisive blow.

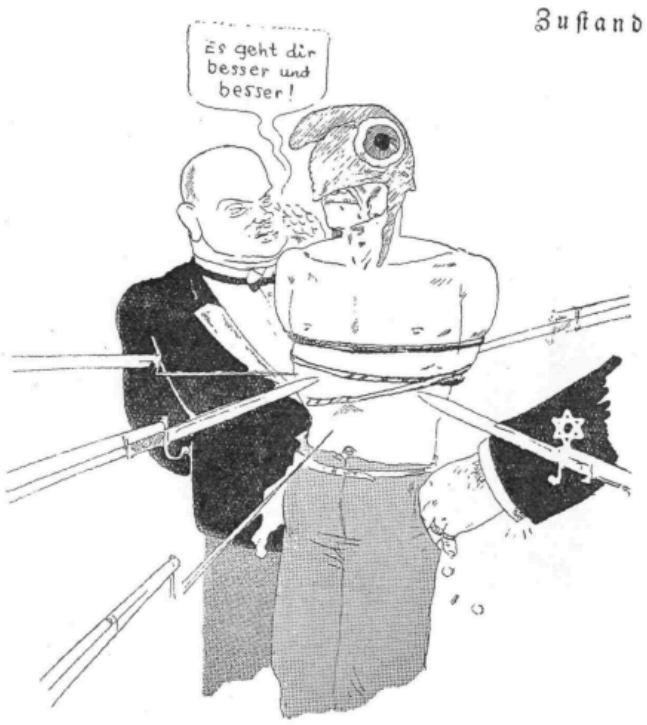
New persecutions will befall us, and we will grow stronger; the oppression will increase until it becomes unbearable - that is why we rejoice that this is so and wish for nothing else. If fate allows great hardship to befall us, it will also give us the strength to overcome it.
The value of a person and also of a movement is determined by the magnitude of the misfortune that befalls them and by their ability to turn this misfortune around.
Never in history has greatness been achieved without equally great effort; that is why we are giving everything to win everything. The new year will continue to divide and judge among us. The political fronts will become more sharply defined; the wheat will be separated from the chaff; the strong will become stronger, and the weak will become weaker and more cowardly; we, as the most courageous, will draw all courage into our circle like a magnet.
We know this with deep reassurance: the new year will be the first year of harvest; the seeds are beginning to sprout, and it will soon become clear that the struggle and the fight have not been in vain. Blood will not be shed for nothing; the four dead of the past year also have a right, and we are prepared to fulfill that right.

Comrades of Berlin - the party is banned! The flags hang tired and heavy on their poles, and the flag bearers will soon find the time too long. Many have seen their comrades leave; one now lies with his skull bandaged or his body sick in a hospital ward; another paces endlessly up and down a narrow cell. Trials threaten, punishments under Jewish-Roman law, persecution, harassment; the rubber truncheons of a Dawes soldateska[21] gone wild rage above our heads, and there is no end in sight to all this misery. But the spirit lives on!
I ask you: Have you dedicated the year that lies behind you to God, man, and the fatherland? I know you can say yes, for you did nothing for yourselves; would you have wanted to miss a single hour of this glorious year, when we planted our banner in this city? I know you will say no and give me your word that it shall remain so.

Lift up your steps and step boldly into the new year! They may ban the flags, but we will raise them in our hearts!
Forward and upward!
Think of the fatherland!
Long live Adolf Hitler!”

[21] A German derogatory word for brutal, violent soldiers.

“Proclamation”



State of Affairs

Text: “You're getting better and better!”

“To all Germans! Men and women alike!
The time has come! The enemy is in the country, right among you!
You are still dancing and cheering and refusing to see him; he is still feeding you sweet words about peace and understanding among nations - but you all know it's a lie! It's a lie!
The days when you believed in empty phrases and promises are over - that was once upon a time! The highly educated German Michel has learned from the slaps in the face that the history of the last ten years has dealt him with refreshing ruthlessness, yet he is still too lazy and too cowardly to settle accounts with his seducers and destroyers.
But the time is coming! The time is coming!

He took out mortgage after mortgage on his property until he could no longer cover the interest on the loans with the interest from what he had borrowed before; now the pumping has stopped; now it's every man for himself. Work or die. Here's your bread! Not enough for all of you, but enough for some, for the most diligent and willing, for those who don't throw a spanner in the works of those who destroyed their freedom - the rest can go to hell.
It's Matthäi[22] at the end! Twist and turn! Make excuses and prevaricate! Spout phrases about beauty and dignity, about world peace and reconciliation! They will hold out as long as their stomachs remain silent.

[22] Jewish surname, not sure who in reference to.

But when they start to talk—and they speak clearly—then the babbling will stop. Facts are stronger than promises, and that has always been the case; it is still the case today, and it will be the case for all eternity.

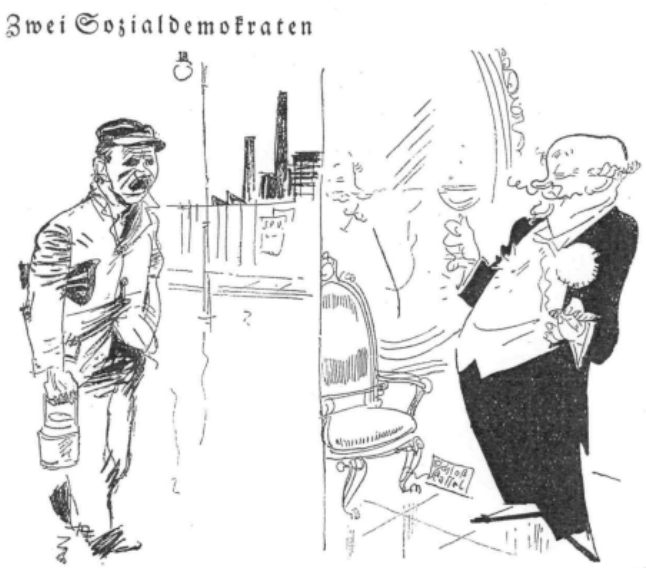
To this day, not a single ear of corn has grown from the Communist Manifesto that you could bake bread from to feed your children - but it has certainly helped you to lose thousands of acres of land, on which grain is now growing tall, which will make the children of your enemies strong, so that they can finally smash your skulls in after fifteen years. That is the truth! That is the naked truth!
What haven't they promised you since you took your fate into your own hands? Starting with paradise on earth, to work council laws and an eight-hour workday. Now count: what have they given you?
Nothing! They gave you stones instead of bread, a Gessler's hat instead of freedom, a dog's life for paradise on earth - you have been deceived, and you will be deceived for all eternity if you do not strike with your fists and put an end, a complete end, to the crime against the people.

The proletarian goes to stamp his card - why doesn't he shout in the faces of his oppressors: Is that all? Is that all? Was that why they shot me to pieces, and why did my wife and child go hungry and cry for four years? You fat, cowardly scum, give me back my state! Give me freedom and bread! And if you, big shot, say we must go hungry to pay for old debts, why don't you, big shot, set an example and go hungry with us, you who bear the full burden of these old debts?
The war invalid stands on the street corners, amid glitz and glamour, begging for pennies that the givers have stolen from him in hundred-mark bill, and now throw back into his dirty cap with scorn and venom. Why doesn't he turn his crutch around and smash his tormentors' skulls in? Wouldn't that be fair? Doesn't God give him the right to do so, that right that hangs in the stars? Where did they teach you to remain silent in the face of abuse, ridicule, and hunger? Where did they teach you to beg for what your destroyers have swindled from you?
Instead of acting, you beat each other's heads in; do you deserve anything other than hunger and beatings? You fools, you cowards, you faint-hearted and desperate! Did your fathers give you a blessed land so that you could let it be taken from you and still have the gall to say ‘Thank you!’ and tip your hats in shame? Are you men, are you workers?

We call upon you! All of you, from the anvil and the pen, from the fist and the forehead! Men and women! The time has come! The time has come!
Kill the discord that the enemy sows among you! Stop hating and persecuting each other, and be united in hatred and persecution of your destroyers! We proclaim:

Freedom and bread!
It is the cry of young Germany!
Join in!
Follow! Follow!”

“We Demand”



Two Social Democrats

"The German people are a slave people; today, under international law, they rank behind the last Negro colony in the Congo. All our sovereign rights have been taken away from us, and now we are only good enough for international stock market capital to fill its coffers with interest and percentages - that, and nothing else, is the result of many centuries of heroic history. Do we deserve this? No, we do not!

That is why we demand that the fight against this state of disgrace and misery be proclaimed, and that the men to whom we entrust our fate to be allowed to use any and all means to break the chains of slavery. There are three million people in our nation who are denied work and bread, and the officials are trying to cover up this misery. They talk of recovery and silver linings, and while they are getting better off every day, we are getting worse off every day. The illusion of freedom, peace, and bread that was once dangled before us when we wanted to take our destiny into our own hands is fading fast; the complete collapse of our people will be the end of this irresponsible policy. That is why we demand the right to work and bread for every productive German.

While the soldier at the front was defending his fatherland with his life in the trenches, some Eastern European Jew came and took his house and farm. Now the Jew sits triumphantly in his palaces, and the proletarian, the front-line soldier, lives in holes that are too good to be called ‘apartments’. This is neither necessary nor inevitable; it is a injustice that cries out. A government that stands by and watches in silence teaches nothing and must disappear; the sooner, the better for us. That is why we demand housing for German soldiers and workers; it there is no money for construction, then drive the intruders out of the country so that Germans can live on German soil.

Our people are multiplying, other peoples are disappearing - it means the end of our history if we are deprived of our offspring, who are destined to fulfill our mission before history, by a cowardly, lazy morality. That is why we demand land on which grain grows to feed our children.

While we dreamed and slept or chased after foreign, unattainable phantoms, our property was stolen from us. Today, it is claimed that this was an elementary event, but that is not the case - the money has only moved from the pockets of the poor to those of the rich. This is fraud, shameless, mean fraud!

A government that cannot be characterized in more detail in the interests of peace and order is triumphing over this state of ruin. We leave it up to each individual to decide whether it represents German interests or rather the interests of our capitalist tormentors. We demand a government of national labor, statesmen who are men and whose purpose and meaning in politics is the creation of a German state.

Everyone in Germany has a say: the Jew, the Frenchman, the Englishman, the League of Nations, the conscience of the world, and God knows who else, but not the German worker, for he must bow down and work. Every four years he re-elects his tormentors, and every time everything remains as it was before - this is an injustice and fraud. We need not tolerate this any longer; we have the right to demand that only those who, as Germans, contribute to this state and whose fate is linked to the fate of the fatherland for better or worse, have a say in Germany. That is why we demand: Destruction of the system of exploitation! Bring on the German workers' state! Germany for the Germans!”

“To All Working People!”

The Son of Dawes is Rising!

Text: “Bonze, how are you feeling?”

“Men and women!

Do you know that we are a people without a country? When we did have one, it was good enough to stand up for our homeland for four years, to fight and starve - but by the end the harvest of our seeds fell into the laps of others.
Do you know that your labor and effort are in vain, that there is a power above you that unscrupulously and brutally takes the fruits of your labor and demands that the working people be satisfied with the crumbs that fall from the tables of the rich?
How many of you still believe that you live in the freest country in the world? What does that mean; is freedom arbitrariness, or is it rather the subordination of the individual to the whole, but then also the responsibility of the whole towards the individual? Does that still exist today?

You proletarian! Is this the most social republic in the world, which cannot even provide you with work, let alone bread and life, housing for you and your children, and the guarantee of a carefree retirement after a lifetime of work? I know you wanted your rights like everyone else who earns their living by creative work; you are entitled to them, perhaps a thousand times more than some of the very high-ranking people who claim rights for themselves in this so-called state today. But do you have this right today?

You have the right to starve for the republic and shout hurrah, to say monarchy instead of republic, and you had the same right before; it makes no difference whether you are plundered by the freebooters of the republic or the monarchy, whether Schmalhans is your kitchen master under black, red, and gold, or black, white, and red.

Do you also know what your leaders have signed for you? I hardly think so; otherwise you would certainly have been speaking Gothic with them long ago.
Listen! They have signed into law that the German workforce is pledged to international stock market capital for almost 50 years - do you know, my friend, what 50 years are? 50 years are half a century; you and I will hardly live to see the end of these 50 years.
But our children! You tell me.
No, not even them; once our children are grown, with our own help, through our laziness and cowardice, the money of foreign oppressors will have eaten so deeply into us that there will be no salvation. How reckless of you to console yourself with the thought that our children will succeed one day; you are deceiving yourself about your own duty and the responsibility that weighs on your shoulders - my friend, you don't even believe in your own medicine!
Just admit it: we have become a nation of servants, too lazy and too cowardly to stand up and fight for freedom; we bring children into the world and give little thought to how they will ever earn a living; we sing “Deutschland, Deutschland über alles,” and our enemies sing with more justification: “Deutschland, Deutschland alles über!”

Men and women! Is it presumptuous of us to say that this must come to an end? Is it madness to claim that it need not be this way? Are we criminals when we call on you to protest against the increasing degradation of our people and against the bankruptcy that is just around the corner? Do we deserve to be shouted down and beaten down when we proclaim:

Put an end to this madness!
You are dancing on a volcano!
Think of your children! They want to live too.
What do forms of government and flags matter to you when you have no bread to eat?

Open your eyes and ears:

Your people are dying.
You working men and women!
Break the chains of slavery!
Any means is justified when you want to free a people.
Don't beg the dear Lord, who can't help you if you don't help yourselves.

We say to you:

Stand up and act!
You will be a people of heroes!”

“What We Want”

“The destruction of the Dawes colony, and a German state of honor!
The right of every German-born man to work and bread; only those who are committed to the nation, who are German, who work, and who are willing to defend their fatherland with their lives if necessary, may have a say in the fate of the nation; the fruits of German labor shall benefit exclusively the creative German people.
The right to property! But only for those who manage their property within the framework and for the benefit of the whole. The people must not be dependent on capitalist money cliques; their welfare is the supreme law of culture, economy, and politics. Today, the people serve the economy, and the economy is subservient to money. It must be the other way around: money must serve the economy, and the economy must be subservient to the people.
The democratic parliament comes into being on the basis of universal suffrage by the majority of stupidity and cowardice - stupidity and cowardice will never elect genius and heroism out of themselves; they will remain true to themselves and entrust the fate of the nation either to stupidity or to cunning characterlessness, as it is today; the leading mind is devalued and the sum of spiritual and intellectual qualities is terrorized and silenced by the majority vote of mediocrity - that is why we want a parliament of estates, elected by every productive German, which will give law and justice to the interests of the German working class.
In times of need, only individuals have ever saved peoples from destruction - majorities talk, but they do not act - that is why we stand up for the rights and duties of the individual. We reject the madness that all people are equal - they are unequal, distinct in quality and character. We refuse to be placed on the same level as the lazy and the pimps; we demand that every member of the nation have duties that are in fair proportion to his abilities and his will, but we also believe that every additional duty must be accompanied by additional rights.

Even today, struggle is still the father of all things - world peace is a beautiful theory, but a poor practice. We should know this above all else: while we laid down our arms, our enemies forged the iron and bloody Treaty of Versailles. Our current dire situation is a consequence of our stupidity and gullibility; we must recognize that history is not shaped by phrases, but by the use of real means of power - that is why we are committed to regaining the positions of power we have lost and proclaiming the fight against the systematic destruction of our people's last willpower by a racist cultural and economic Bolshevism. We want to unite the German people, who are currently fighting each other to the death in their 60 million, into one entity - then it will fight for and earn its right to live, if necessary using all the means at its disposal.
History teaches us that nothing is given to a people for free - everything must be conquered and defended. That is why we call for the conquest and defense of the most primitive demands that a living people can and must make before the world - we want freedom and bread!

Foreign rabble sits among us; it did not help to build, but whenever there was something to destroy, it was promptly at the forefront. The Jew eats our bread without working for it; he has conquered the stock market, the press, culture, and schools; he has seized German production, and is now establishing himself in our government; the workers' parties are at his service, and the bourgeois cowards do not dare to oppose his dictatorial tendencies - we, for our part, are determined to put an end to this.
The Jew must be removed from what is ours - he did not cultivate our land, he did not build our economy, and he did not defend our people in times of need; therefore, he must not be allowed to squeeze us like a lemon, block the people's livelihood, and sit on us like a vampire sucking our blood.
We want to and will put an end to the rule of international Jewry. What does China have to do with us? Germany for the Germans, out with the rabble! We want a Jewish-free German culture, production, and politics for our German people; the people want to be led by men they can trust, men who have proven, even in adversity, that they are willing to give their lives for the survival of the fatherland.

The German people are multiplying, and their land is becoming more and more crowded. We do not believe that the solidarity of the proletariat or even of money will ever give us the land we need to live - that is why we raise the battle cry: Living space for our people! Give us farmland on which we can sow grain so that our children may live!

Germany means everything to us! But Germany is not a current form of government, but a living unity of the people; a state that does not protect this unity of the people, but is rather a playground for money instincts, a hotbed of incitement, a protector of corruption and fraud in the workplace, is not a state; it is an instrument of exploitation, a province of the world's oppressors, a colony of money.
We are committed to Germany! And since this Germany, in its current form of government, is nothing more than a ‘dethroned queen in beggar's clothes,’ we reject this form of government and fight for a new and better one, one in which the German people once again become a community of honor and work. Germany, Germany above all! For us, this is not a commitment to what is, but to what will be. It is a pledge to fight and work so that we may once again become a people of whom it can rightly be said:

Ahead of the whole world!

That is what we want!”